THE

REPOSITORY.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

THE

REPOSITORY:

A SELECT COLLECTION

OF

FUGITIVE PIECES

OF

WIT AND HUMOUR,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

BY THE MOST EMINENT WRITERS.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
Printed for EDWARD and CHARLES DILLY.

M. DCC. LXXVII.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

A DISSERTATION UPON LAUGHTER;

AND,

AN ESSAY ON HUMOUR.

Both first printed in 1741.

62,X
4

A DISSERTATION UPON LAUGHTER.

IT is well-known amongſt the obſervers of nature, that, if any particular ſtate of the mind is frequently, though arbitrarily, connected with any particular action of the body, no ſooner is the mind at any time in this ſtate, than the action will immediately follow. I am acquainted with a perſon, whoſe jocular ſtate of mind is conſtantly accompanied with a moſt expreſſive hitch-up of his breeches. As his jeſts are generally ſpiced with ill-nature, I ſuppoſe, this his jocoſe turn was often, when a boy, ſucceeded by the diſcipline of the rod, and that he ſtill continues, whenever he finds the ſpirit coming on him, to ſeize faſt hold of his breeches, for the ſecurity of his poſteriors.

This combining principle is called by philoſophers *aſſociation*, and is perhaps one of the moſt extenſive and uſeful in all nature. To this principle we owe Chubb's famous horſe, the wonderful card-playing dog, and the many curious dancing-bears, which entertain the populace of this polite city; and I reverence their ſeveral maſters as moſt practical philoſophers. I knew one of them, who taught a whole litter of pigs to dance; and, as his

method both proves and illuſtrates the power of *aſſociation*, I ſhall relate it.

He heated an oven, into which he put a pig, and immediately with his fiddle played a tune: the pig, exceedingly attentive that its feet and the oven might not come to too cloſe an union, ſhifted and danced about. This operation he repeated every day for a conſiderable time; longer or ſhorter, according to the capacity of the pig, and its readineſs in learning. After the proper repetitions of theſe leſſons, he truſted the pig to itſelf, which, without the help of the oven, began to caper as ſoon as he began to fiddle. Here the power of *aſſociation* muſt be owned ſtrongly to exert itſelf upon the pig's legs, which, though originally ſet a-going by the heat of the oven, now take the alarum from the ſqueak of the fiddle, and the pig acquired a very good ear in muſic by the channel of its toes.

Locke, in his chapter of *aſſociation*, mentions a young gentleman, the dancing quality of whoſe legs depended upon the poſition of an old trunk, which was placed in the room where he learnt; and, though an excellent dancer, it was only whilſt the trunk was there, he could make his legs keep meaſure to the harmony of the fiddle. And I have been told of a perſon, who, having undergone the operation for the ſtone, always, upon the ſight of an inciſion-knife, called out for an urinal.

I was led into this train of thought, by having ſpent an evening in a very laughing ſociety; and, when I got home, I began to reflect what connexion there could be between a ludicrous thought and the convulſive motions of laughter. As, in moſt of my philoſophical difficulties, I have recourſe to the *aſſociating* principle, I quickly perceived, that the frequent opportunities we have of exerciſing this moſt ſalutary and delectable faculty of laughter, were wholly owing to the power of *aſſociation*.

A certain learned and accurate Anatomiſt, in his treatiſe *de Riſu*, gives the following mechanical account of Laughter. "No animal, ſays he, except "man, is capable of being tickled, which is oc- "caſioned from their not having the *papillæ* of the "nerves ſo expoſed as they are in the ſkin of the "human ſpecies, in whom theſe *papillæ* lie very "ſuperficially, eſpecially about the ſides of the "cheſt: as theſe nerves communicate with the "nerves which give motion to the muſcles of "breathing, whenever they are irritated by tick- "ling, their vibrations are propagated to the com- "municating nerves, which throw the muſcles of "breathing into ſhort, quick, and convulſive mo- "tions, and is the action of laughter." So far our Author.

This operation of tickling is generally performed by the nurſe in our infancy; and, when we arrive

at a capacity of reflecting upon our own ſenſations, we perceive, in the operation, a ridiculous and abſurd kind of feeling, which we are at a loſs how to refer to the claſs of either pleaſure or pain, but conceive it as an amphibious ſenſation, or as pleaſure in the very ſtate of metamorphoſis ſhifting off into pain.

Whenever, therefore, the mind is in this ſtate of ambiguity, upon any object whatſoever appearing to be thrown out of the currency of the ſpecies to which it properly belongs, and is, as it were, paſſing into the direct contrary, ſo as not to be wholly either; the muſcles of laughter take the hint, and, like the pig's legs, think it their duty to fall to work.

Thus we ſhould not fail to laugh, upon ſeeing a judge in his ermine at chuck-farthing, or a biſhop in his lawn-ſleeves playing at puſh-pin. For to what claſs can the mind aſſign theſe contradictory appearances? or, ſhall it preſume to rank ermine and lawn-ſleeves with the horn-book? The characters are ſhifting into their reverſe, and cannot be claſſed; and the mind is therefore under an intellectual tickling.

The ape, of all the brute creation, oftenеſt occaſions laughter; for, by its ſpecious grave countenance and mimic actions, it ſo far becomes ambiguous, as to render the mind for a ſtart doubtful, whether

whether to rank it with man or beaſt: and, when we laugh at a fool's uttering maxims, it is from viewing folly aſſume the ſtate of wiſdom, and acting the part of the aſs in the fable, whoſe ears got abroad, and diſcovered what was under the lion's ſkin. But nothing is ſo exquiſite an intellectual tickling, as to ſee wiſe men, in the fullneſs of their wiſdom, commit fooliſh actions; or thinking men, in the very act of thought, commit thoughtleſs ones: thus, a Newton, ſtopping his pipe with a fair lady's finger; or a Barrow, in the very complaiſant action of handing a titled dame from her coach, ſtopping to make uſe of his accuſtomary watering-poſt; is ſuch a thoughtful thoughtleſſneſs, ſuch a tickling ambiguity, as would ſhake the ſides even of an Heraclitus.

From what has been ſaid, it will be eaſy to diſtinguiſh the genuine from the falſe motives of laughter; and we may always pronounce a laugh ill-placed, when the object which occaſions it is conſiſtent, and does not hang dubious between its own and an oppoſite nature: but, if any of my readers remain ſtill unſatisfied, let them, with the eye of a philoſopher, ſtudy that inexhauſtible fund of laughter, Sir John Falſtaff; they will then perceive, that he is an errant Proteus, and that they laugh becauſe they cannot fix him; that, when they imagine they have graſped the coward, he ſlips off with an

inſtinct, and palms the lion on them; that, with the exquiſiteneſs of his wit, he does not perceive the palpable groſſneſs of his own lies; that he is lewd in old age, frolickſome in grey-hairs, and in ſhort is ſo amphibious, that, in the gravity of a Spaniard, they meet the gaiety of a Frenchman.

It would be endleſs to enumerate all the ſubjects of laughter; but I muſt obſerve, that playing the mimic is a ſpecies of them, and a ſtrong proof of my ſyſtem. The common phraſe of "taking off "a perſon" is very expreſſive of its nature; and what is this, but one perſon's aſſuming the looks, manner, geſture, or voice, of another, ſo as to leave it doubtful, whether he is more himſelf, or the perſon mimicked?

But let it be obſerved, if the looks, manner, geſture, or voice, thus aſſumed, appear natural in, and ſuit, the perſon who aſſumes them; it is then merely imitation, and never juſtly gives riſe to a laugh; for that contraſt, which is eſſential to laughter, is wanting.

I am ſenſible the practice of thouſands may be urged as an objection to my ſyſtem, who, good people! laugh upon all occaſions; and let them laugh, for it is a moſt healthful exerciſe, gives briſkneſs to the blood's motion, makes a proper and lively diſtribution of the animal ſpirits, and is a more powerful exorciſm of thoſe blue devils, which

too

too often poſſeſs our poor mortal fabric, than what can be performed by a conclave of cardinals. However, it may be right to hint, that frequent laughter, without proper calls for it, carries the ſuſpicion of folly; and therefore it may be prudent not to go into a conſtant courſe of it, unleſs, upon the grave advice of a phyſician, it be thought abſolutely neceſſary for health.

But although the laughter of many people cannot be wholly reduced to my ſyſtem, yet it generally ariſes at leaſt from ſome faint reſemblance to the true objects of laughter. Some years ago, even perſons of the firſt rank dealt in a certain mercantile way, called "ſelling of bargains," in which I myſelf have been a trader: the laugh upon theſe occaſions muſt be acknowledged ſomething ſpurious, and aroſe from ſeeing a moſt attentive expecting countenance drop all at once, upon the purchaſe, into a very ſheepiſh one, as if there had been committed by the buyer a kind of blunder in expectation; though, upon ſtrict examination, no reaſon can be given, why expectation ſhould not be raiſed, ſince the excellency of the ſeller conſiſted in plauſibly ſetting off his bargain. Of the like, but ſtill a lower claſs, are the *biters*, who have no other grounds for their laugh, than our ſimple dependence upon their veracity. But the moſt unconſcionable laughers are your *manual jokers*, who,

after

after having laid on your back no ambiguous blow, burſt out into a laugh, at your ſurprize upon ſeeing a friend where you expected an enemy.

From my obſervation of the different kinds of laugh at preſent in practice, I have reduced them to the following claſſes; The genuine or hearty laugh; the titter; the giggle; the horſe laugh, and the finical or guttural laugh.

The hearty and genuine laugh I have already explained.

The titter is a laugh ſmothered in its birth, the perſon not being in a convenient and proper place, for the delivery of it: theſe miſcarriages frequently happen in church, and other publick places.

The giggle is peculiar to girls, and is owing to a certain petulancy in the muſcles of laughter, to dance away without a fiddle. However, it is a very good preſervative againſt the green-ſickneſs.

The horſe laugh is a moſt formidable imitation of the true and natural laugh, and is often practiſed in publick aſſemblies, to the great terror of ſpeakers.

The finical, or guttural laugh *, is a moſt vile abuſe of parts, and is an unnatural transfering the proper office of the cheſt to the throat; this often

* With deference, however, to this Author, it may be obſerved, that lord Cheſterfield, who has diſclaimed loud laughter as *illiberal*, and unworthy a *gentleman*, would have given the preference to this ſilent expreſſion of it.

ariſes

ariſes from wearing long cravats, through a tender regard, leſt they ſhould be diſcompoſed by the agitation of the breaſt and ſides; but, as they are gone greatly out of faſhion, this laugh is now but little in uſe.

The hearty laugh is of all the moſt ſalutary; and I greatly admire the wiſdom of our anceſtors, who contrived ſundry diverſions to promote ſo wholeſome an exerciſe. "The Hunting of the Whittle," "Croſs Purpoſes," "What is my Thought like?" and many others, are founded upon the true principles of laughter; and, I will be bold to ſay, their being baniſhed from polite company is more the cauſe of vapours amongſt our women of faſhion, than the liquor which is ſo often loaded with this imputation*: let me therefore recommend a laudable revival of theſe paſtimes, and put my reader in mind of the old proverb, "Laugh, and be fat."

* To obviate *ſcandal*, let it be remembered that TEA is the liquor alluded to.

AN ESSAY ON HUMOUR.

EVERY one who has been converſant in the writings of a Cervantes, a Rabelais, or a Swift, knows that laughter, or at leaſt a tendency to it, is the natural effect of humour. It is a maxim in philoſophy, that like effects always ariſe from like cauſes; we may therefore juſtly conclude, that there is a near reſemblance between the objects of humour, and thoſe which in the former diſſertation I defined to be the true objects of laughter.

To ſatisfy myſelf in this point, I have been at ſome pains in peruſing the moſt celebrated writers of this claſs; and find, that humour conſiſts in picturing objects to the imagination, under the appearance of ſhifting off their own nature or character, to aſſume a direct contrary one; hanging, as it were, dubious between both. By an object, I do not only mean the mere object as preſented to us by our ſenſes, but likewiſe all the circumſtances and adjuncts which are annexed to it by imagination: as piety to a biſhop, gravity to a judge, courage to a ſoldier, and reaſon to mankind in general.

The 44th paper of the Freeholder abounds in humourous paſſages, every one of them of the nature

I juſt

I juſt now ſpecified. "The Author deſcribes his "Friend the fox-hunter arriving a little after break "of day at Charing-Croſs; where, to his great "ſurprize, he ſaw a running-footman carried in a "chair, followed by a waterman in the ſame kind "of vehicle. He was wondering at the extrava- "gance of their maſters, that furniſhed them with "ſuch dreſſes and accommodations; when on a ſud- "den he beheld a chimney-ſweeper conveyed after "the ſame manner, with three footmen running "before him.—Soon after, he was much provoked "in the ſpirit of magiſtracy, being himſelf of the "quorum, upon diſcovering two very unſeemly "objects; the firſt a judge, who rapped out a great "oath at his footman; and the other a big-bellied "woman, who, upon taking a maſculine leap into "a coach, miſcarried of a cuſhion. What ſtill "gave him greater offence, was a drunken biſhop, "who reeled from one ſide to the other, and was "very ſweet upon an Indian queen. But his wor- "ſhip, in the midſt of his auſterity, was mollified "at the ſight of a very lovely milk-maid, whom "he began to regard with an eye of mercy, and "conceived a particular affection for her, till he "found, to his great amazement, that the ſtanders- "by ſuſpected her to be a dutcheſs."

I have extracted theſe paſſages from different parts of the paper; but the ſame ſtrain of humour runs through

through the whole. The reader at firſt ſight may perceive, what an ambiguity and contraſt there is in each object: ſervility in equipage, law breaking the ſtatutes, piety got drunk and lewdly inclined, and the auſtere ſpirit of magiſtracy ſweetening into wantonneſs at the ſight of a pretty milk-maid.

However, this jarring in the objects of humour is not always placed ſo full in view. It is frequently ſoftened, and the glare taken off, by being thrown, as it were, at a diſtance; and is rather ſuggeſted to the imagination by a hint, than marked out by ſtrong lines. Of this kind is a paſſage in the abovementioned paper, where our fox-hunter (concluding thoſe whom he ſaw in maſquerade habits to be foreigners) conceives a great indignation againſt them, for pretending to laugh at an Engliſh country-gentleman, for he had been the object of ſome of their mirth.

We have here only a glimpſe of the contraſt; and it is upon imagination bringing to view the character of a fox-hunter, that we ſee his aſſuming to himſelf, as an Engliſh country-gentleman, the prerogative of not being laughed at by foreigners; it is the ſtrut of a little man ſtretching himſelf into the claſs of tallneſs, and is an extending of Magna Charta ſomewhat beyond its natural precincts.

In like manner the imagination ſupplies the contraſt, in the account Sir John Brute gives of Heart-

free.

free. "He comes to my houſe; eats my meat; "lies with my wife; diſhonours my family; gets "a baſtard to inherit my eſtate; and when I aſk a "civil account of all this, *Sir*, ſays he, *I wear a "ſword*—" Undoubtedly, being run through the body is an excellent reparation for the higheſt injuries. And this is the contraſt, which is ſuggeſted, though not directly expreſſed, by, *Sir, I wear a ſword.* There is in the paſſage, as it ſtands in the Comedy, ſtill another ſpecies of humour, that ariſes from character, the explanation of which I reſerve till I come to treat of *the humour of character.*

Where the mind itſelf is thus employed in compleating the ſentiment, the humour is both delicate and pleaſing; but often eſcapes a common or indolent reader, whoſe imagination requires a ſtrong glare to rouze it.

But, as humour has various aſpects, from being wove-in with ſundry manners of writing, it is not perhaps every one who goes ſo critically to work, as to unravel an author, and ſeparate the different ſpecies of his ſentiments from each other; and may therefore imagine, though I have rightly defined the humour of the paſſages I have quoted, that my rule will not apply univerſally. There are undoubtedly more complicated kinds of humour than thoſe paſſages, and where the application may prove more difficult. But the learned know, that a certain

certain dexterity is very neceſſary in the uſe of every univerſal theorem; and, if my rule appears in any one inſtance to include all the properties which conſtitute the humour of a ſentiment, it muſt be univerſal, or we claſs with impropriety different ſubjects under one and the ſame denomination.

It is frequent, both in converſation and writing, to blend wit and humour together, which has led many to confound them in their ideas, as if they were partakers of the ſame natures: whereas wit conſiſts in finding out new and ſtriking reſemblances or congruities, and conveying them in ſuch apt terms, as to make a lively impreſſion upon the fancy; and from hence ariſes the obſervation, that where wit abounds, judgement is often deficient: for a mind which is pleaſed, and frequently employed in the aſſemblage of objects, that from a likeneſs in ſome particulars bear an affinity to each other, too often neglects the work of judgement, which is ſearching out the minuteſt difference between things, and carefully ſeparating them from each other, ſo as not to be impoſed upon by ſimilitude, and take one for another.

But to return; there is therefore between wit and humour this remarkable difference. Humour combines and makes a coalition of objects, where there is a contraſt and jarring amongſt their ſeveral natures: wit, on the contrary, aſſembles only reſemblances,

blances, and where it makes an actual coalition, as in metaphor and allegory, it is from ſome degree of congruity in the nature of the objects.

The *Tale of a Tub* abounds in inſtances of this mixture of wit and humour: and my readers will pardon me if I quote a very apt one, though perhaps not the moſt ſeemly. "Conſcience," ſays the Author, "is a pair of breeches, which, though a "cover for lewdneſs as well as naſtineſs, is eaſily "ſlipt down for the ſervice of both." Here we view poor conſcience traveſtied, and the purity of its function combined with a moſt impure occupation, from whence ſtarts out a very odd and new reſemblance. I am apt to think Oliver's conſcience, and the breeches upon his coin, threw our author into this humourous and witty train of ideas. Of the ſame caſt is his defining wiſdom to be a fox, a cheeſe, a ſack-poſſet, a hen, and a nut. And when wit and humour are thus aſſociated, they ſtrengthen each other, and aſſail us with an united force; from whence we often imagine the ſtroke to be ſingle, and give it the name of wit or humour, according as the ſentiment is more or leſs emboſſed by the one or the other. Before I conclude this article, I muſt obſerve, an author's humour often ſuggeſts to him his wit, and gives it a very particular caſt; for, from a humourous view of an object, he finds out extremely odd and uncommon

reſemblances; and I ſhall quote one paragraph, though a long one, which, I think, will ſupport my opinion. "The moſt accompliſhed way of "uſing books at preſent is twofold; either, firſt, "to ſerve them as men do lords, learn their titles "exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance; or, "ſecondly, which is indeed the choicer, the pro-"founder, and politer method, to get a thorough "inſight into the index, by which the whole book "is governed and turned, like fiſhes by the tail. "For, to enter the palace of learning at the great "gate, requires an expence of time and forms; "therefore men of much haſte and little ceremony "are content to get in by the back-door.—Thus "men catch knowledge by throwing their wit upon "the poſteriors of a book, as boys do ſparrows by "flinging ſalt on their tail. Thus are ſciences "found like Hercules's oxen, by tracing them "backwards. Thus are old ſciences unraveled "like old ſtockings, by beginning at the foot." —Here twenty witty reſemblances ariſe from a humourous view of acquiring knowledge by the Index.

This author has a moſt happy talent at banter, or ridicule, which is a very extenſive kind of humour, and is rendering an object ludicrous, by attributing to it qualities the reverſe to thoſe it actually poſſeſſes. But a great delicacy is required, to

prevent

prevent it being trite, and conſequently inſipid. What is in every one's power to execute never meets with applauſe in the execution; and as nothing is more eaſy than a plain banter, the poignancy is worn off in being handled by every one. To render it therefore agreeable, and to give a genuine edge, it muſt be either ſharpened by wit, or, not appearing to be the end in view, muſt be ſhaded off, and left to the imagination to find out. The dedication to Prince Poſterity is throughout a ſtrain of banter, which would have been little more than inſipid, had the author only in a ſneering manner attributed wit, parts, politeneſs, and profound erudition to his contemporaries; but he was too great a maſter of his weapon to handle it in ſo common a manner: he gives a newneſs to his ſubject by allegory, and makes his banter indirect, by an accuſation againſt Time, the governor of Prince Poſterity, who, with an inveterate malice, he declares, devours all the productions of that learned, witty, and polite age, intent only to keep his highneſs in univerſal ignorance of their ſtudies.

From the inſtances produced, I think, it plainly appears, that the objects of humour and laughter are the ſame. Whenever, therefore, they ceaſe to be the one, they likewiſe ceaſe to be the other. But from an ambiguity in appearance we are taken into a laugh, by a kind of ſurprize, which ambiguity

upon reflection ſoon vaniſhes; for judgement ſteps in, unmaſks the object, and knows it for what it really is. This is the reaſon that the ſame object of humour muſt not dwell long upon the imagination, but, to preſerve the humour, muſt be quickly ſhifted for ſome other. Thus the ſolemn and grave manner of treating trivial ſubjects, which is a ſpecies of humour, requires great dexterity to render it ſpirited; otherwiſe we ſhall ſoon ſeparate the ſubject from the manner, and, with the judicious Cervantes, quickly diſmantle Sancho of his government-robes.

It is an obſervation, and I believe a juſt one, that we no where ſo frequently meet with a ſet of mortals called *Humouriſts*, as in our own nation. The ſecurity of our properties is not the only bleſſing we poſſeſs under a free government; we likewiſe enjoy a full power to exerciſe our reaſon, and, what to many is yet more flattering, to indulge our opinions, and even prejudices. Thus, the mind not being ſhackled by a ſlaviſh ſubmiſſion to any authority whatever, moſt men think for themſelves, and live according to the bent of their own humour. To this freedom of thinking and acting, that variety of Humouriſts, which ſo remakably diſtinguiſhes this country, is principally owing.

However, barely to purſue the natural bent of temper is by no means a ſufficient mark that the perſon is a Humouriſt. For there is a certain caſt of mind, as well as turn of features, which diſtinguiſhes

ſtinguiſhes one man from another, and forms his particular character; according to which caſt every ſenſible man will direct his actions, ſtill managing the biaſs with a prudent regard to the ground he is to paſs over. But ſhould he, from any prejudice in opinions, wilfully neglect the circumſtance of place, or, from too great an indulgence ſo encreaſe the biaſs as to carry him out of the common road, he then commences Humouriſt; and, however contrary to reaſon, obſtinately keeps his way. Moroſe, in "The Silent Woman," is a character of this kind highly coloured, who, from his great antipathy to noiſe, would, as far as in him lay, annihilate all ſound, and reduce his whole ſpecies to mutes, even in a country where liberty of ſpeech is our inherent right.

As this claſs of characters is denoted by the name of *Humouriſts*, from thence perhaps the talent to draw and expoſe them in a ſtriking light has been called *Humour*. But, whether this conjecture be well or ill founded, they are certainly very proper objects for the exerciſe of this talent. For, as a wiſe man conſiders the circumſtances of time, place, and incidents, and accordingly ſhapes his courſe; a Humouriſt, on the contrary, whatever obſtacle ſtands in his way, perverſely bears forward, and is a virtuoſi ſhip, which ſails againſt wind and tide.

This character, however, is not the only ſort proper for *humour*; but to attempt to point out the ſeveral kinds would be to enter upon a calculation, "*in how many different ways folly may be combined* "*with the human mind*;" a calculation which, I fear, will puzzle even De Moivre. It is ſufficient for my purpoſe to obſerve, that, when humour takes off a character, it is by marking the ambiguities or contraſts in it.

As nothing entertains more than a character drawn with humour; ſo, when mixed with a ſtrain of humour of another ſort, it greatly relieves the imagination, and, by introducing a variety, prevents the fatigue that ariſes from the conſtant ſolicitation of one ſort of object. An inſtance of which we have in the Freeholder I have already quoted. Had the author, in that paper, only preſented the glaring ambiguity in the appearance of the maſqueraders, we ſhould have been tired with the uniformity, and dazzled with a conſtant glare: but he was aware of this, and prevents the dazzle, by a mixture of a more ſhaded humour in the character of his fox-hunter, whom he, both upon this and a former occaſion, deſcribes as a perſon ſomething apt to form raſh judgements from pre-conceived prejudices.

Reaſon always makes one part of the compoſition in our complex idea of man. Whenever, therefore,

fore, it ceaſes to appear in its own native dreſs of truth, and, cloathed with falſe opinions and prejudices, puts on the maſque of folly, it becomes ambiguous. But as in many characters reaſon does not form the moſt ſtriking part of the compoſition, the maſque may be on, and we only catch a glimpſe of it. This is the caſe of our fox-hunter, whoſe rational faculty ſeems removed a little out of view, and the glaring humour of the paper is thus varied by a ſhaded one, which ariſes from his falſe and prejudiced judgements upon the objects he ſees. The following paſſage will be a proper illuſtration. "The next that ſhewed herſelf was a female "Quaker, ſo very pretty, that he could not forbear "licking his lips, and ſaying to the mob about "him, *'Tis ten thouſand pities ſhe is not a Church-woman!* The Quaker was followed by half a "dozen nuns, who filed off one after another up "Catharine-ſtreet, to their reſpective convents in "Drury-lane. The ſquire, obſerving the preciſeneſs of their dreſs, began now to imagine, "after all, that this was a neſt of ſectaries; and was "confirmed in this opinion upon ſeeing a Conjurer, "whom he gueſſed to be the holder-forth."

The paper concludes with the cataſtrophe of the ſquire, who loſes his purſe and his almanack: "And though," ſays our author, "it is no wonder "ſuch a trick ſhould be played him by ſome of the

" curious ſpectators, he cannot beat it out of his " head, but that it was a cardinal who picked his " pocket, and that this cardinal was a Preſbyterian " in diſguiſe."

Here, in the very ſame ſentence, we have both kinds of humour: the ſquire's prepoſſeſſion that no one but a Preſbyterian could pick his pocket, and the contraſt-image of a Cardinal ſectary. Thus we frequently meet in a paragraph two or three ſpecies of humour thrown together, which, though eſſentially the ſame, like a cut diamond, reflect various luſtres.

This author, to whom I have ſo often referred, is remarkable for a natural and delicate humour, which ariſes from a choice of characters, where the foibles proceed from a bent of diſpoſition not always directed by reaſon, nay ſometimes from ſuch a diſpoſition as makes us love the character whilſt we ſmile at the foibles. Of this kind is Sir Roger de Coverley's; and ſurely that humour is delicate, that heals as it cuts!

The direct oppoſite to this natural humour are Shakeſpeare's fools, who are aſſumed characters of the poets, not of Nature's formation. Jaques, in " As you like it," gives us the receipt how to form them, when he ſays,

" I am ambitious of a motley coat,
" Provided that you weed your better judgements

" Of

" Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,
" That I am wiſe. I muſt have liberty
" Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
" To blow on whom I pleaſe, for ſo have fools."

Thus ſatire is couched under the appearance of folly; and the Poet's humour is juſt, though the character is not natural. Shakeſpeare, who is always happy in his attempts, has exerted his whole power of humour in the character of Sir John Falſtaff. Nor can I deſcribe this character ſo well as in the Knight's own words: " The brain of this fooliſh-
" compounded clay man is not able to invent any
" thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent,
" or is invented on me. I am not only witty in
" myſelf, but the cauſe that wit is in other men."
—Here we have in the ſame character both the objects of laughter, and humour to play them off.

An author frequently diverſifies his humour by taking on a character. This is done in the *Tale of a Tub*, and the humour always encreaſes in proportion to the number of different kinds that enter into the compoſition. But it would run this eſſay to too great a length, ſhould I attempt to be particular upon each ſpecies; I ſhall therefore only obſerve, that the firſt and principal diviſion is into the ſtrong and direct, where the contraſt is glaring: and into the more delicate and removed, where the contraſt is, as it were, ſhaded, and left to the imagination to bring to view.

As

As I have not hitherto given any illuſtrations from our Poets, my readers will not be diſpleaſed to ſee ſome from one of our beſt ſatiriſts *:

" Bathillus, in the winter of threeſcore,
" *Belies* his *innocence*, and keeps a *whore*:
" Abſence of mind Brebantio turns to fame,
" *Learns* to *miſtake*, nor knows his brother's name;
" Has words and thoughts in *nice diſorder ſet*,
" And takes a *memorandum* to *forget*:
" Thus vain, nor knowing what adorns or blots,
" Men *forge* the *patents*, that *create* them *ſots*."

Here the contraſt ſtares us full in the face; but in the following lines, where, talking of the love of praiſe, he ſays:

" Nor ends with life, but nods in ſable plumes,
" Adorns our hearſe, and flatters in our tombs."

The glaring contraſt is removed, and imagination finiſhes the picture of a dead man, who exults in the pomp of his own funeral, and feel flattery in the grave.

I ſhall conclude this eſſay with an obſervation, that amongſt the Ancients the ſymbol for the ſatiric or humourous kind of writing was a mixed figure, half man and half goat. Whether by this they meant to expreſs the nature of humour, I will not ſay; but think I may fairly conclude, that, when an object makes a break from its own nature or character, to run to another, a laugh catches it, and it becomes the ſubject of humour.

* Dr. Young.

THE

THE

FRIBBLERIAD.

Fœmina, Vir, Neutrum.

PUL. in HERMOPH.

First printed in the Year 1761.

ADVERTISEMENT.

BE it known unto you, gentle or ungentle reader, that the author of the following poem is a volunteer in the ſervice, or rather a poetical knight-errant, who, according to the oath taken at the late inſtallation, is *exhorted and admoniſhed* (by Apollo to be ſure) *to uſe his ſword in defence of all equity and juſtice to the utmoſt of his power.* His brother Quixote, of immortal memory, tried his proweſs upon Sheep and Windmills—Our champion does very near the ſame; and calls forth to the field an *unknown* knight, who has the formidable X, Y, Z, in his train.—And, that he may not be thought to engage with too great odds on his ſide, he oppoſes to them his own *three truſty ſquires*, A, B, C, who are reſolved to ſtand by him, and fight all the weapons through, from Epic Poetry to Epigram, as long as there is a letter left ſtanding in the Engliſh alphabet—and now, Mr. Churchill may know, that there is

—A Quixote of the age will dare,
To wage a war with dirt, and fight with air.

When the aforeſaid *unknown* knight ſhall pleaſe to appear with his *beaver up*, he may expect that our adventurer will ſhew *his face* too.—In the mean time,

time, we will divert him in our turn with a little *buſh*-fighting, which he has been endeavouring to entertain the town with for more than a twelve-month paſt.

It is therefore proper to inform thee, reader, for as yet perhaps thou haſt not heard of it, that there is a certain weekly paper, called the Craftſman, ſtill exiſting, if it may be called exiſtence to crawl about from week to week, and be kept alive by thoſe laſt reſources of hungry ingenuity, falſehood and defamation. In this ſaid paper, a certain gentleman, who ſubſcribes himſelf X, Y, Z, a volunteer too in the ſervice, has thrown about his dirt in a moſt extraordinary manner, and has attacked our Stage Hero, with unwearied malevolence, both in his public and private character; but, indeed, his rancour being too much for his wit, he has let his heart indulge itſelf at the expence of his head, and has moſt imprudently made aſſertions, in the bitterneſs of his ſpirit, which can be contradicted by every attender upon the theatre.—It would be endleſs, and out of place here, to point out his want of taſte, and even common truth, in his account of the manner of Mr. Garrick's ſpeaking and acting in his various characters; of his moſt ungentlemanlike, as well as unjuſt, abuſe of his perſon, voice, age, &c. &c. &c.; for there is no kind of meanneſs, as Montaigne well obſerves, that a true malignant ſpirit will not de-

ſcend

ſcend to.—To give one inſtance among a thouſand of his upright intentions—This worthy gentleman, Mr. X, Y, Z, not content with expoſing his impotent malice weekly to the publick, was at the pains and expence to collect his papers into one volume *, and even ſend them to ſome of Mr. Garrick's friends, leſt the obſcurity and diſreputation of the paper, in which they firſt made their appearance, ſhould have kept his malice totally a ſecret—The Reviewers gave their ſentiments of this curious collection, in the following manner—

" Theſe are the overflowings of ſpleen, igno-
" rance, conceit, and diſappointment." *Crit. Rev. Jan.* 1761.

" The deſign of publiſhing theſe *important* pieces of criticiſm, is, to prevent the *ſad misfortune* of their ſinking into oblivion with a laſt year's news-paper. If we believe the author, all the praiſes that have hitherto been given to Mr. Garrick, as an actor, are ſo entirely without foundation, that " he never did, " nor never could, ſpeak ten ſucceſſive lines of " Shakeſpeare with grammatical propriety." This is an aſſertion ſo contrary to the opinion of many better critics than this author ſhews himſelf to be,

* The title of which was " An Enquiry into the " real Merit of a certain popular Performer; in a " Series of Letters, firſt publiſhed in the Craftſman, " or Gray's Inn Journal, with an Introduction to " David Garrick, Eſq." 8vo.

and in reality ſo oppoſite to truth, that it is alone ſufficient to invalidate all his reaſonings upon the ſubject." *Monthly Rev. Dec.* 1760.

It would take up too much time at preſent, to exhibit our hero X, Y, Z, in all his proper colours: we ſhall leave that taſk to a much abler hand, who will very ſoon more fully detect and expoſe him and his deſigns *.—But to return to our poem—

It

* This was ſoon after executed in the following ſevere character, drawn by Mr. Churchill, of the hero of this poem, firſt inſerted in the eighth edition of THE ROSCIAD:

" With that low cunning, which in fools ſupplies,
And amply too, the place of being wiſe,
Which nature, kind indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave;
With that ſmooth falſehood, whoſe appearance charms,
And reaſon of each wholeſome doubt diſarms,
Which to the loweſt depths of guile deſcends,
By vileſt means purſues the vileſt ends,
Wears friendſhip's maſk for purpoſes of ſpite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that malignant envy, which turns pale,
And ſickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and ſucceſs purſues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the cold caution of a coward's ſpleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always ſeeks a ſcreen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What's baſely done, ſhould be done ſafely too;
With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,
Which, dead to ſhame, and every nicer ſenſe,
Ne'er bluſh'd, unleſs, in ſpreading vice's ſnares,
She blunder'd on ſome virtue unawares;
With all theſe bleſſings, which we ſeldom find
Laviſh'd by nature on one happy mind,

A mot-

It may properly be called an *Iliad* in a *nutſhell*; for, though it does not conſiſt of many more than

A motley figure, of the fribble tribe,
Which heart can ſcarce conceive, or pen deſcribe,
Came ſimpering on; to aſcertain whoſe ſex,
Twelve ſage impannel'd matrons would perplex.
Nor male, nor female; neither, and yet both;
Of neuter gender, though of Iriſh growth;
A ſix-foot ſuckling, mincing in his gait;
Affected, peeviſh, prim, and delicate;
Fearful *it* ſeem'd, though of athletic make,
Leſt brutal breezes ſhould too roughly ſhake
Its tender form, and ſavage motion ſpread
O'er its pale cheeks the horrid manly red.
Much did *it* talk, in *its* own pretty phraſe,
Of genius and of time, of players and plays;
Much too of writings, which *itſelf* had wrote,
Of ſpecial merit, though of little note,
For fate, in a ſtrange humour, had decreed
That what *it* wrote, none but *itſelf* ſhould read;
Much too it chatter'd of dramatic laws,
Misjudging critics, and miſplac'd applauſe;
Then, with a ſelf-complacent jutting air,
It ſmil'd, *it* ſmirk'd, *it* wriggled to the chair;
And, with an aukward briſkneſs not his own,
Looking around, and perking on the throne,
Triumphant ſeem'd, when that ſtrange ſavage dame,
Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain Common Senſe, appear'd; by Nature there
Appointed, with plain Truth, to guard the chair.
The Pageant ſaw, and blaſted with her frown,
To *its* firſt ſtate of nothing melted down.
Nor ſhall the Muſe (for even there the pride
Of this vain nothing ſhall be mortified)
Nor ſhall the Muſe (ſhould fate ordain her rhimes,
Fond pleaſing thought! to live in after-times)
With ſuch a trifler's name her pages blot:
Known be the character, the thing forgot;
Let *it*, to diſappoint each future aim,
Live without ſex, and die without a name!"

four hundred lines, it contains all the eſſential epic properties—the plan, ſentiments, character, diction, moral, metre, and even the heroes themſelves, all in miniature.

The following epigram, printed in the Ledger, was the corner-ſtone of the whole, and furniſhed us with ideas of the redoubted Fizgig, the Achilles of the Fribbleriad—

To X, Y, Z.

Indeed moſt ſeverely poor Garrick you handle,
Not bigots damn more with their bell, book, and candle;
Though you with the town about him diſagree,
He joins with the town in their judgement of thee:
So dainty, ſo deviliſh, is all that you ſcribble,
Not a ſoul but can ſee 'tis the ſpite of a Fribble;
And all will expect you, when forth you ſhall come,
With a *round ſmirking face*, and a *jut with your bum.*

If X, Y, Z, is really ſuch a thing as here repreſented, he is moſt welcome to the honour we have done him; if he is *not*, he may thank his own malignant diſpoſition, that made it natural to ſuppoſe, that ſuch poor ſpite could proceed from no one, who was not, in his perſon, manners, mind, and heart, an arrant FRIBBLE.

THE

THE FRIBBLERIAD.

WHO is the Scribbler, X, Y, Z?
Who ſtill writes on, though little read?
Whoſe falſehood, malice, envy, ſpite,
So often grin, yet ſeldom bite?
Say, Garrick, does he write for bread,
This *friend* of yours, this X, Y, Z?
For pleaſure ſure, not bread—'twere vain
To write for that he ne'er could gain:
No calls of nature to excuſe him,
He deals in rancour to amuſe him;
A *man*, it ſeems—'tis hard to ſay—
A *woman* then?—a moment pray—
Unknown as yet by ſex or feature,
Suppoſe we try to gueſs the creature;
Whether a *wit* or a *pretender?*
Of maſculine or *female* gender?
Some things it does may paſs for either,
And ſome it does belong to neither:
It is ſo fibbing, ſlandering, ſpiteful,
In phraſe ſo dainty, ſo delightful;
So fond of all it reads and writes,
So waggiſh when the maggot bites:

Such ſpleen, ſuch wickedneſs, and whim,
It muſt be *woman*, and a *brim*.
But then the learning and the Latin!
The ends of Horace come ſo pat in,
And, wanting wit, it makes ſuch ſhift
To fill up gaps with Pope and Swift,
As cunning houſewives bait their traps,
And take their game with bits and ſcraps;
For playhouſe critics, keen as mice,
Are ever greedy, never nice;
And rank abuſe, like toaſted cheeſe,
Will catch as many as you pleaſe.
In ſhort, 'tis eaſily diſcerning,
By here and there a patch of learning,
The creature's *male*—ſay all we can,
It muſt be ſomething *like* a man—
What, like a man, from day to ſhrink,
And ſeek revenge with pen and ink?
On miſchief bent, his name conceal,
And like a toad in ſecret ſteal,
There ſwell with venom inward pent
Till out he crawls to give it vent.
Hate join'd with *fear* will ſhun the light,
But *hate* and *manhood* fairly fight—
'Tis manhood's mark to face the foe,
And not in ambuſh give the blow;
The ſavage thus, leſs man than beaſt,
Upon his foe will fall and feaſt,

From buſh, or hole, his arrows ſend,
To wound his prey, then tear and rend;
For fear and hatred in conjunction
Make wretches, that feel no compunction.
With colours flying, beat of drum,
Unlike to this, ſee Churchill come!
And now like Hercules he ſtands,
Unmaſk'd his face, but arm'd his hands;
Alike prepar'd to *write* or *drub!*
This holds a *pen* and that a *club!*
A club! which nerves like his can wield,
And form'd, a wit like his to ſhield.
" Mine is the Roſciad, mine, he cries;
Who ſays 'tis not, I ſay, he lies.
To falſehood and to fear a ſtranger,
Not one ſhall fear my fame or danger;
Let thoſe who write with fear or ſhame,
Thoſe Craftſmen ſcribblers, hide their name!
My name is Churchill!"—Thus he ſpoke,
And thrice he wav'd his knotted oak:
That done, he paus'd—prepar'd the blow,
Impartial bard! for friend and foe.
If ſuch are manhood's feats and plan,
Poor X, Y, Z, will prove no *man*.
Nor male? nor female?—then on oath
We ſafely may pronounce it *both*.
What! of that wriggling, fribbling race,
The curſe of nature, and diſgrace?

That mixture baſe, with fiends ſent forth
To taint and vilify all worth—
Whoſe rancour knows nor bounds nor meaſure,
Feels every paſſion, taſtes no pleaſure;
The want of power, all peace deſtroying,
For ever wiſhing, ne'er enjoying—
So ſmiling, ſmirking, ſoft in feature,
You'd ſwear it was the gentleſt creature—
But touch its pride, the *lady-fellow*,
From ſickly pale, turns deadly yellow—
Male, *female*, vaniſh—fiends appear—
And all is malice, rage, and fear!
What in the heart breeds all this evil?
Makes man on earth a very devil?
Corrupts the mind, and tortures ſenſe?
Malignity with *impotence*.
Say, Goſſip Muſe, who lov'ſt to prattle
And fill the town with tittle-tattle—
To tell a ſecret ſuch a bliſs is!
Say for what cauſe theſe Maſter-Miſſes
To Garrick ſuch a hatred bore,
That long they wiſh'd to pinch him ſore;
To bind the monſter hand and foot,
Like Gulliver in Lilliput,
With birchin twigs to flea his ſkin,
And each to ſtick him with a pin?—
Are things ſo delicate, ſo fell!
Can Cherubims be imps of hell?

Tell

Tell us how ſpite a ſcheme begot,
Who laid the eggs, who hatch'd the plot:
O ſing in namby-pamby feet,
Like to the ſubject, tripping neat;
Snatch every grace that fancy reaches;
Relate their paſſions, plottings, ſpeeches;
You, when their PANFRIBELERIUM ſat,
Saw them conven'd, and heard their chat:
Saw all their wriggling, fuming, fretting,
Their nodding, friſking, and curvetting;
Each minute ſaw their rage grow ſtronger,
Till the dear *things* could hold no longer;
But out burſt forth the dreadful vow,
TO DO A DEED!—*but when?* and *how?*
And *where?*—O Muſe, thy lyre new-ſtring,
The *how*, the *when*, the *where* to ſing!
Say in what ſign the ſun had enter'd,
When theſe ſweet ſouls on plotting ventur'd—
'Twas when the balmy breath of May
Makes tender lambkins ſport and play;
When tenderer fribbles walk, and dare,
To gather noſegays in the air—
'Twas at that time of all the year
When flowers and butterflies appear,
When brooding warmth on nature lies,
And circulates the blood of flies—
Then Fribbles were with Fribbles leaguing,
And met for plotting and intriguing.

There is a place, upon a hill,
Where cits of pleaſure take their fill,
Where hautboys ſcream, and fiddles ſqueak,
To ſweat the *ditto* once a week;
Where joy of late unmix'd with noiſe
Of romping girls and drunken boys;
Where decency, ſweet maid, appear'd,
And in her hand brought Johnny Beard;
'Twas *here*—(for public rooms are free)
They met to plot, and drink their tea.
Each on a ſattin ſtool was ſeated,
Which, nicely quilted, curtain'd, pleated,
Did all their various ſkill diſplay:
Each work'd his own, to grace the day—
Above the reſt, and ſet apart,
A chair was plac'd; where curious art
With lace and fringe to honour meant
Him, they ſhould chuſe their Preſident.
No longer now the kettle ſimmers,
The ſmoke aſcends, or cotton glimmers;
The tea was done, the cups revers'd;
Lord TRIP began—"May I be curs'd;
"May this right hand grow brown and ſpeckled,
"This noſe be pimpled, face be freckled,
"May my ſick monkey ne'er get up;
"May my ſweet Dido die in pup,
"Nay may I meet a worſe diſaſter,
"My finger cut, and have no plaiſter—

"No

" No cordial drops when dead with vapour,
" Be taken ſhort and have no paper—
" If I don't feel your wrongs and ſhame,
" With ſuch a zeal for FRIBBLE fame—
" So much my heart for vengeance thumps,
" You ſee it raging through my jumps"—
Then, opening wide his milk-white veſt,
They ſaw it fluttering in its neſt.
Some felt his heart, and ſome propoſe
Their drops—his lordſhip to compoſe—
The perturbation, all agree,
Was partly fidgets, partly tea.
While ſome the drops, ſome water get,
Sir COCK-A-DOODLE, Baronet,
Aroſe—" Let not this accident
" The buſineſs of the day prevent!
" That lord's my friend, my near relation,
" But what's one lord to all our nation?
" Friendſhip to patriot eyes looks ſmall,
" And COCK-A-DOODLE feels for all.
" Shall one, though great, engroſs your care,
" While ſtill unhonour'd ſtands that chair?
" Might I preſume to name a *creter*,
" Form'd for the place by art and *nater*;
" I would a dainty Wit propoſe
" To ſerve our friends, deſtroy our foes:
" To fill the *chair* ſo nicely ſit,
" His pride and paſſion match his wit;

" His wit has ſo much power and might,
" It yields to nothing but his ſpite—
" For wit may have its ebbs and flows,
" But malice no abatement knows."
Propoſe! they cried, we truſt in you—
Name him, Sir COCK-A-DOODLE—do—
" Would you have one can joke and ſcribble?
" Whoſe heart and very ſoul is FRIBBLE—
" Would you have one can ſmile, be civil,
" Yet all within a very devil—
" Lay pretty ſchemes—like cobwebs ſpin 'em,
" To catch your hated foe within 'em—
" Let him a thouſand times break thro' 'em
" Th' *ingenious creter* ſhall renew 'em—
" If miſchief is your wiſh and plan—
" Let * FIZGIG, FIZGIG, be the man!
" What ſay you?—Brethren!—ſhall it be?
" Has he your voice?"—All cry'd—*ouy*, *ouy*.
At which, ONE larger than the reſt
With viſage ſleek, and ſwelling cheſt,
With ſtretch'd-out fingers, and a thumb
Stuck to his hips, and jutting bum,
Roſe up!—All knew his ſmirking air,—
They clap'd, and cry'd—the *chair*, the *chair!*
He ſmil'd—and to the honour'd ſeat,
Paddled away with mincing feet:

* Some ſay FITZGIG—The Reader may take his Choice.

So

So have I ſeen on dove-houſe top
With cock'd-up tail, and ſwelling crop,
A pouting pigeon waddling run,
Shuffling, wriggling, noddling on.
Some minutes paſs'd in forms and greeting,
PHIL. WHIFFLE op'd the cauſe of meeting.—
" In forty-eight—I well remember—
" Twelve years or more—the month November—
" May we no more ſuch miſery know!
" Since *Garrick* made OUR SEX a ſhew;
" And gave us up to ſuch rude laughter,
" That few, 'twas ſaid, could hold their water:
" For He, that player, ſo mock'd our motions,
" Our dreſs, amuſements, fancies, notions,
" So liſp'd our words, and minc'd our ſteps,
" He made us paſs for *demi-reps*.
" Though wiſely then we laugh'd it off,
" We'll now return his wicked ſcoff.
" Genteel revenge is ever ſlow,
" The dear Italians poiſon ſo.—
" But how attack him? far, or near?
" In front, my friends, or in the rear?"
All ſtarted up at once to ſpeak,
As if they felt ſome ſudden tweak:
'Twas quick reſentment caus'd the ſmart,
And pierc'd them in the tendereſt part.
For theſe dear ſouls are like a ſpinnet,
Which has both ſharp and ſweet within it:

Preſs

Preſs but the keys, up ſtart the quills:
And thus perk'd up theſe *Jack-my-Gills*.
Each touching, bruſhing, as they roſe,
Together ruſtled all their cloaths.
Thus, when, all huſh'd, at Handel's air,
Sit, book in hand, the Britiſh fair,
A ſudden whiz the ear receives,
When ruſtling, buſtling, turn the leaves.
In all the dignity of form,
The chairman roſe to huſh the ſtorm;
To order call'd, and try'd to frown—
As all got up, ſo all ſat down;—
Sir DIDDLE then he thus addreſs'd—
" 'Tis *yours* to ſpeak, be mute the reſt."
When thus the knight—" Can I diſſemble?
" Conceal my rage, while thus I tremble?
" O FIZGIG!—'tis that Garrick's name,
" Now ſtops my voice and ſhakes my frame,—
" His pangs would pleaſe—his death—oh lud!
" *Blood*, Mr. FIZGIG, *blood*, *blood*, *blood!*"
The thought, too mighty for his mind,
O'ercame his powers—he ſtar'd—grew blind—
Cold ſweat his faded cheek o'erſpread,
Like dew upon the lily's head;
He ſqueak'd and ſigh'd—no more could ſay
But *blood—bloo—blo*—and died away.
Thus when in war a hero ſwoons,
With loſs of blood, or fear of wounds,

They

They bear him off—and thus they bore
Sir DIDDLE to the garden-door;
Where ſat LORD TRIP—where ſtood for uſe,
Salts, hartſhorn, peppermint, and *eau de luce*.
A pauſe enſued:—at length began
The valiant captain, PATTYPAN.
With kimbow'd arm, and toſſing head,
He bridled up—"Wear I this red?
"Shall blood be nam'd, and I be dumb?
"For that, and that alone, I come.
"Glory's my call, and blood my trade;
"And thus"—then forth he drew his blade—
At once the whole aſſembly ſhrieks,
At once the roſes quit their cheeks;
Each face o'ercaſt with deadly white,
Nor paint itſelf could ſtand the fright;
The roof with *order*, *order*, rings,
And all cry out—NO NAKED THINGS!
The captain ſheath'd his wrath and pride,
And ſtuck the bodkin by his ſide.
More ſoft, more gentle than a lamb,
The reverend Miſter MARJORAM
Aroſe—but firſt, with finger's tip,
He pats the patch upon his lip;
Then o'er it glides his healing tongue,
And thus he ſaid—or rather ſung.
"Sure 'tis the error of the moon!
"What, fight a mimic, a buffoon!

"In

" In France he has the church's curſe,
" And England's church is ten times worſe.
" Have you not read the holy writ,
" Juſt publiſh'd by a reverend wit?
" That every Actor is a *thing*,
" A *Merry Andrew*, *paper king*,
" A *puppet* made of rags and wood,
" The *loweſt ſon of earth*, mere mud;
" Mere public game, where'er you meet him,
" And coblers as they pleaſe may treat him?
" *Slave*, *coxcomb*, *venal*, and what not?
" Ten thouſand names that I've forgot—
" Then riſque not thus a precious life,
" In ſuch a low, *unnatural* ſtrife,
" And ſure, to ſtab him would be cruel.—
" I vote for—arſenick in his gruel."
He ſaid, and ſmil'd—then ſunk with grace,
Lick'd the patch'd lip, and wip'd his face.
A buz of rapture fill'd the room,
Like bees about a ſhrub in bloom:
All whiſper'd round—" Was it not fine?
" O very—Very—'Twas divine!"
But ſoon as from the chair was ſeen
A waving hand, and ſpeaking mein,
A calm came on—the Chairman bow'd—
And ſmirking ſpoke—" I'm pleas'd and proud
" To mix my ſentiments with yours:
" 'Tis prudence every point ſecures.

" Two friends with rapture I have heard;
" One favours *arſenick*, one the *ſword*—
" In both there's danger—but, ſucceeding,
" Short pangs in *poiſoning*, leſs in *bleeding*;
" A ſudden death's not worth a ſhilling—
" I'd have our foe nine years a killing."
Then from his boſom forth he drew
A crow-quill pen—" Behold, for you
" And your revenge, this inſtrument!
" From hell it came, to me 'twas ſent:
" Within is poiſon, ſword, and all;
" It's point a dagger, dipt in gall:
" Keen lingering pangs the foe ſhall feel,
" While clouds the hand that ſtabs conceal:
" With this, while living, I'll diſſect him;
" Create his errors, then detect 'em;
" Swell tiny faults to monſtrous ſize!
" Then point them out to purblind eyes,
" Which, like Polonius, gaze in air,
" For *ouzel*, *camel*, *whale*, or *bear*.
" His very merit I'll pervert,
" And ſwear the ore is ſand and dirt—
" I know his quick and warm ſenſations,
" And thence will work him more vexations—
" Attended with ſome noiſy cit,
" Of ſtrong belief, but puny wit;
" I'll take my ſeat, be rude and loud,
" That each remark may reach the crowd;

" At Lear will laugh, be hard as rocks,
" And ſit at Scrub like barbers blocks:
" When all is ſtill, we'll roar like thunder;
" When all applauſe—be mute, and wonder!
" In this I boaſt uncommon merit—
" I like, have prais'd, his genius, ſpirit:
" His various powers, I own, divert me—
" 'Tis his *ſucceſs* alone has hurt me—
" My patriot hand, like Brutus, ſtrikes,
" And ſtabs, and wounds, where moſt it likes:
" *He*, as a Roman, gave the blow;
" I, as a FRIBBLE, ſtab your foe;
" He mourn'd the deed, would not prevent it,
" I'll do the deed—and then * lament it."—
At this all tongues their hearts obey,
A burſt of rapture forc'd its way,—
Bravo!—Braviſſimo!—Huzza!
All 'roſe at once---then hand in hand,
Each link'd to each, the heroes ſtand---
Like Fairies form a magic round,---
Then vow---and tremble at the ſound---
By all that's dear to human kind,
By every tye can FRIBBLES bind;
They vow---that with their lateſt breath
They'll ſtand by *Fizgig*---life or death.
The kiſs goes round the parting friends---
The chair is left---th' aſſembly ends.

* Some MSS. ead *repent it.*

Then

Then each, his ſpirit to recruit,
For biſcuits call, and candied fruit;
And ſip, his flutter'd nerves to heal,
Warm water, ſack, and orange-peel--
Then, made as warm as warmth could make them,
All to their ſeveral homes betake them---
Save one, who, harraſs'd with the chair,
Remain'd at Hampſtead, for the air.
Now, GARRICK, for the future know
Where moſt you have *deſerv'd* a foe---
Can you their rage with juſtice blame?
To you they owe their public ſhame.—
Though long they ſlept, they were not dead;
Their malice wakes in X, Y, Z.---
And now burſts forth their treaſur'd gall,
Through *him*---COCK FRIBBLE of them all!

AN ELEGY

Written in a COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD *,

By MR. GRAY.

WITH

SEVERAL IMITATIONS OF IT.

* This very popular and excellent Poem is of too grave a caſt, and hath too often been printed in former collections, to be entitled to a place in this Miſcellany, conſiſtent with the plan of it, which was intended to be confined to pieces of Wit and Humour. It was, therefore, not the Editor's intention to have inſerted it: but, the opinion of ſome perſons being, that the humour of the ſeveral Parodies which follow it would be leſs underſtood and reliſhed, if the original Poem was omitted; in deference to their opinion, it hath been allowed a place. The *variations* pointed out by Mr. Maſon are purpoſely omitted; the form in which the Author left it beſt ſuiting the preſent plan.—The ſame apology may be made for the appearance of the Splendid Shilling in the former volume; a poem, if not equally excellent, at leaſt equally well known.

AN ELEGY,

Written in a COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landſchape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The mopeing owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch as, wandering near her ſecret bower,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing Morn,
The ſwallow twittering from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care;
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield;
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not Ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to Theſe the fault,
If Memory o'er their Tomb no Trophies raiſe,
Where through the long-drawn iſle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can

Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or Flattery ſooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celeſtial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extaſy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the ſpoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little Tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſtening ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſtory in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of luxury and pride
With incenſe kindled at the Muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd Muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor caſt one longing lingering look behind?

On

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our Aſhes live their wonted Fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall inquire thy fate,

Haply ſome hoary-headed Swain may ſay;
"Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn
"Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away,
"To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
"That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
"His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
"And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
"Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
"Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
"Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

"One morn I miſs'd him on the 'cuſtom'd hill,
"Along the heath, and near his favourite tree:
"Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
"Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he;

"The

" The next with dirges due, in ſad array,
" Slow, through the church-way path we ſaw him born;
" Approach and read (for thou canſt read) the lay,
" Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere;
Heaven did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to miſery all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
The boſom of his Father and his God.

AN ELEGY,

Written in COVENT-GARDEN.

ST. PAUL'S proclaims the ſolemn midnight hour,
The wary Cit ſlow turns the maſter-key;
Time-ſtinted 'prentices up Ludgate ſcour,
And leave the ſtreets to darkneſs and to me.

Now glimmering lamps afford a doubtful ray,
And ſcarce a ſound diſturbs the Night's dull ear;
Save where ſome rumbling Hack directs its way,
Or frequent tinklings rouſe the tavern-bar:

Save that, at yonder iron-grated tower *,
The watchmen to the conſtable complain
Of ſuch as, in defiance to his power,
Moleſt their ancient, ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe butchers ſtalls, that pent-houſe ſhade,
Where rankling offals fret in many a heap,
Each in his naſty ſtye of garbage laid,
The dextrous ſons of Buckhorſe ſtink and ſleep.

* The Round-houſe.

The

The chearful call of " Chair! your honour—chair!"
Rakes drunk and roaring from the Bedford-head,
The oaths of coachmen ſquabbling for a fare,
No more can rouſe them from their filthy bed.

For them the blazing links no longer burn,
Or buſy bunters ply their evening care;
No Setters watch the muddled Cit's return,
In hopes ſome pittance of the prey to ſhare.

Oft to their ſubtlety the fob did yield,
Their cunning oft the pocket-ſtring hath broke:
How in dark alleys bludgeons did they wield!
How bow'd the wretch beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not Ambition mock their humble toil,
Their vulgar crimes and villainy obſcure;
Nor rich rogues hear with a diſdainful ſmile
The low and petty knaveries of the poor.

The titled villain, and the thief in power,
The greateſt rogue that ever bore a name,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of wickedneſs but lead to ſhame.

Nor you, ye proud! impute to theſe the fault,
If Juſtice round their necks the halter fix;
If, from the gallows to their kindred vault,
They ride not pompous in an hearſe and ſix.

Gives not the lordly axe as ſure a fate?
Are Peers exempt from mouldering into duſt?
Can all the gilded 'ſcutcheons of the Great
Stamp on polluted deeds the name of Juſt?

Beneath the gibbet's ſelf perhaps is laid
Some heart once pregnant with infernal fire;
Hands that the ſword of Nero might have ſway'd,
And 'midſt the carnage tun'd th' exulting lyre.

Ambition to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with ſuch monſtrous crimes, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repreſs'd their native rage,
And froze the bloody current of the ſoul.

Full many a youth, fit for each horrid ſcene,
The dark and ſooty flues of chimnies bear;
Full many a rogue is born to cheat unſeen,
And dies unhang'd for want of proper care.

Some petty Chartres, that with dauntleſs breaſt
Each call of worth or honeſty withſtood;
Some mute, inglorious Wilmot * here may reſt;
Some *******, guiltleſs of his ſteward's blood.

The votes of venal ſenates to command,
The worthy man's opinion to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter miſchiefs o'er a truſting land,
And read their curſes in a nation's eyes,

* Earl of Rocheſter.

Their

Their lot forbad; nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their groveling fortunes, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad with libels to inſult the throne,
And vilify the nobleſt of mankind.

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious guilt to hide,
To bid defiance to all ſenſe of ſhame;
Their bleeding Country's ſorrow to deride,
And heap freſh fuel on Sedition's flame;

To ſuch high crimes, ſuch prodigies of vice,
Their vulgar wiſhes ne'er preſum'd to ſoar;
Content at wheel-barrows to cogg the dice,
Or pick a pocket at a Play-houſe door.

Yet e'en theſe humbler vices to correct,
Old Tyburn lifts his triple front on high;
Bridewell, with bloody whips and fetters deck'd,
Frowns dreadful vengeance on the younger fry.

Their name, their years, their birth and parentage,
(Though doubtful all) the Ord'nary ſupplies;
Points out what firſt debauch'd their tender age,
And with what words each ripen'd felon dies.

For who, to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
When to the dreadful tree of death conſign'd,
But yearns to think upon the fatal day
That firſt ſeduc'd to ſin his pliant mind?

No ſoul ſo callous but remorſe may wring,
No heart ſo hard but grief may teach to ſigh;
Contrition forces heartfelt tears to ſpring,
And melts to tenderneſs the ſterneſt eye.

For him, the maſter of the pilfering herd,
Whom certain puniſhment attends, though late;
If, when his wretched carcaſe is interr'd,
Some curious perſon ſhould enquire his fate;

Haply ſome hoary-headed thief may ſay,
" Oft have I ſeen him with his lighted link
" Guide ſome unwary ſtranger croſs the way,
" And pick his pocket on the kennel's brink.

" There, at the foot of yonder column ſtretch'd,
" Where Seven Dials are exalted high,
" He and his Myrmidons for hours have watch'd,
" And pour'd deſtruction on each paſſer-by.

" Hard by yon wall, where not a lamp appears,
" Skulking in queſt of booty would he wait;
" Now as a beggar ſhedding artful tears,
" Now ſmiting with his crutch ſome hapleſs pate.

" One night I miſs'd him at th' accuſtom'd place,
" The ſeven-fac'd Pillar and his favourite wall:
" Another came, nor yet I ſaw his face;
" The poſt, the croſſings, were deſerted all.

" At

" At laſt, in diſmal cart and ſad array,
" Backward up Holborn-hill I ſaw him mount:
" Here you may read (for you can read, you ſay)
" His Epitaph in th' Ord'nary's Account."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE feſtering rots a *quondam* peſt of earth,
To virtue and to honeſt ſhame unknown;
Low-cunning on a dung-hill gave him birth,
Vice clapp'd her hands, and mark'd him for her own.

Quick were his fingers, and his ſoul was dark;
In lucky knavery lay all his hope;
No pains he ſpar'd, and ſeldom miſs'd his mark,
So gain'd ('twas what he merited) a rope.

If further you his villainies would know,
And genuine anecdotes deſire to meet,
Go read the ſtory of his weal and woe,
Printed and ſold by Simpſon, near The Fleet.

THE NUNNERY:

AN ELEGY.

RETirement's hour proclaims the tolling bell,
In due obſervance of its ſtern decree;
Each ſacred virgin ſeeks her lonely cell,
And leaves the grate to ſolitude and me.

Now throws the Weſtern ſun a fainter glare,
And ſilence ſooths the veſtal world to reſt,
Save where ſome pale-ey'd novice (wrap'd in prayer)
Heaves a deep groan, and ſmites her guiltleſs breaſt;

Save that in artleſs melancholy ſtrains,
Some Eloïſa whom ſoft paſſion moves,
Abſorpt in ſorrow, to the night complains:
For ever barr'd the Abelard ſhe loves.

Within theſe ancient walls with moſs o'erſpread,
Where the relenting ſinner learns to weep,
Each in her narrow bed till midnight laid,
The gentle daughters of devotion ſleep.

Of wantonneſs the pleaſure-breathing lay,
Or laughter beckoning from his roſy ſeat,
Or vanity attir'd in colours gay,
Shall ne'er allure them from their lonely ſtate.

For them no more domeſtic joys return,
Or tender father plies his wonted care,
The nuptial torch for them muſt never burn,
Or prattling infants charm the lingering year.

Oft do they weave the chaplets pictur'd gay,
To deck their altars and the ſhrines around;
How fervent do they chant the pious lay!
How through the lengthening iſle the notes reſound!

Let not the gay coquette, with jeſt profane,
Mock their veil'd life and deſtiny ſevere;
Nor worldly beauty with a ſneer diſdain
The humble duties of the cloiſter'd fair.

The gliſtening eye, the half-ſeen breaſt of ſnow,
The coral lip, the bright vermilion bloom,
Awaits alike th' inexorable foe;
The paths of pleaſure lead but to the tomb.

Nor you, ye vain, impute to theſe the fault,
If flattery to their fame no trophies raiſe,
Where through the dome with grandeur's treaſures fraught,
The numerous fopplings lift the voice of praiſe.

Can artful phraſes, or alluring words,
Bid the pale cheek aſſume a ſecond prime?
Can e'en Apollo's ſweetly-ſounding cords
Arreſt the ſpeedy ſteps of conquering Time?

Perhaps in this drear manſion are confin'd
Some whoſe accompliſh'd beauty can impart
Each ſoft emotion to the ſterneſt mind,
And wake to extacy the beating heart.

But pleaſure flies them, a forbidden gueſt,
Deck'd with the flowers in youth's gay path that bloom,
The clay-cold hand of penance chills their breaſt,
And o'er the rays of fancy throws a gloom.

Full many a rivulet wandering to the main,
Sequeſter'd pours its ſolitary wave;
Full many a flower is rooted from the plain,
To waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert grave.

Some veil'd Eliza (like the clouded ſun)
May here reſide inglorious and unknown;
Some, like Auguſta, might have rear'd a ſon,
To bleſs a nation, and adorn a throne.

From flattery's lip to drink the ſweets of praiſe,
In rival charms with other belles to vie;
In circles to attract the partial gaze,
And view their beauty in th' admirer's eye,

Their lot forbids: nor does alone remove
The thirſt of praiſe, but e'en their crimes reſtrain;
Forbids through folly's labyrinth to rove,
And yield to vanity the ſlacken'd rein:

To raiſe 'mid Hymen's joys domeſtic ſtrife,
Or ſeek that converſe which they ought to ſhun;
To looſe the ſacred ties of nuptial life,
And give to many what they vow'd to one.

Far from the circle of the ſplendid throng,
They tread obſcurity's ſequeſter'd vale;
Their lonely hours unvaried creep along,
Unfann'd by pleaſure's ever ſhifting gale.

What though they're ſprinkled with etherial dew!
With blooming wreaths by hands of ſeraphs
crown'd!
Though heaven's unfading ſplendors burſt to view,
And harps celeſtial to their ear reſound!

Still grateful memory paints the diſtant friend,
Not e'en the world to their remembrance dies;
Their midnight oriſons to heaven aſcend,
To ſtay the bolt deſcending from the ſkies.

For who entranc'd in viſions from above,
The thought of kindred razes from the mind?
Feels in the ſoul no warm returning love,
For ſome endear'd companion left behind?

Their

Their joy-encircled hearth as they forſook,
From ſome fond breaſt reluctant they withdrew:
As from the deck they ſent a farewell look,
Fair Albion ſunk for ever to their view.

For thee, who, mindful of th' encloiſter'd train,
Doſt in theſe lines their mournful tale relate;
If by compaſſion guided to this fane,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall enquire thy fate:

Haply ſome aged veſtal may reply—
" Oft have we heard him, ere Aurora's ray
" Had painted bright the portal of the ſky,
" At yonder altar join the matin lay.

" Where hapleſs Eloïſa ſought repoſe,
" Oft at yon grave would he her fate condole,
" And in his breaſt, as ſcenes of grief aroſe,
" Sigh the kind requiem to her gentle ſoul.

" One morn I miſs'd him at the hour divine,
" Along that iſle and in the ſacriſty:
" Another came; nor yet beſide the ſhrine,
" Nor at the font, nor in the porch was he.

" The next we heard the bell of death intone,
" And in the fearful grave we ſaw him laid:
" Approach, and read on this ſepulchral ſtone,
" The lines engrav'd to ſoothe his hovering ſhade."

THE EPITAPH.

BY Fate's ſtern hand untimely ſnatch'd away,
Does this deep vaulted cave a youth infold:
He gave to ſolitude the ſtudious day,
And pity fram'd his boſom of her mould.

With lyre devoted to compaſſion's ear,
Did he bewail the veſtal's hapleſs doom;
Oft has this marble caught his falling tear,
And for that generous tear he gain'd *a tomb*.

AN EVENING CONTEMPLATION IN A COLLEGE.

THE curfew tolls the hour of closing gates;
With jarring sound the porter turns the key,
Then in his dreary mansion slumbering waits,
And slowly, sternly, quits it, though for me.

Now shine the spires beneath the paly moon,
And through the cloisters peace and silence reign;
Save where some fidler scrapes a drowsy tune,
Or copious bowls inspire a jovial strain;

Save that in yonder cobweb-mantled room,
Where sleeps a student in profound repose,
Oppress'd with ale, wide echoes through the gloom
The droning music of his vocal nose.

Within those walls, where through the glimmering shade
Appear the pamphlets in a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow bed till morning laid,
The peaceful fellows of the college sleep.

The tinkling bell proclaiming early prayers,
The noiſy ſervants rattling o'er their head,
The calls of buſineſs, and domeſtic cares,
Ne'er rouſe theſe ſleepers from their downy bed.

No chattering females croud their ſocial fire,
No dread have they of diſcord and of ſtrife,
Unknown the names of huſband and of ſire,
Unfelt the plagues of matrimonial life.

Oft have they baſk'd beneath the ſunny walls,
Oft have the benches bow'd beneath their weight;
How jocund are their looks when dinner calls!
How ſmoke the cutlets on their crowded plate!

Oh! let not temperance, too diſdainful, hear
How long their feaſts, how long their dinners, laſt:
Nor let the fair, with a contemptuous ſneer,
On theſe unmarried men reflections caſt!

The ſplendid fortune, and the beauteous face,
(Themſelves confeſs it, and their fires bemoan)
Too ſoon are caught by ſcarlet and by lace;
Theſe ſons of ſcience ſhine in black alone.

Forgive, ye fair, th' involuntary fault,
If theſe no feats of gaiety diſplay,
Where through proud Ranelagh's wide-echoing vault
Melodious Fraſi trills her quavering lay.

Say,

Say, is the ſword well ſuited to the band?
Does 'broider'd coat agree with ſable gown?
Can Mechlin laces ſhade a churchman's hand?
Or Learning's votaries ape the beaux of town?

Perhaps in theſe time-tottering walls reſide
Some who were once the darlings of the fair,
Some who of old could taſtes and faſhions guide,
Controul the manager, and awe the player.

But Science now has fill'd their vacant mind
With Rome's rich ſpoils, and Truth's exalted views,
Fir'd them with tranſports of a nobler kind,
And bade them ſlight all females—but the muſe.

Full many a lark, high towering to the ſky
Unheard, unheeded, greets th' approach of light;
Full many a ſtar, unſeen by mortal eye,
With twinkling luſtre glimmers through the night.

Some future Herring, who, with dauntleſs breaſt,
Rebellion's torrent ſhall, like him, oppoſe,
Some mute, unconſcious, Hardwicke here may reſt,
Some Pelham, dreadful to his country's foes,

From prince and people to command applauſe,
'Midſt ermin'd peers to guide the high debate,
To ſhield Britannia's and Religion's laws,
And ſteer with ſteady courſe the helm of ſtate,

Fate

Fate yet forbids; nor circumſcribes alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confines,
Forbids in Freedom's veil to inſult the throne,
Beneath her maſque to hide the worſt deſigns;

To fill the madding crowds perverted mind,
With "penſions, taxes, marriages, and Jews,"
Or ſhut the gates of heaven on loſt mankind,
And wreſt their darling hopes, their future views.

Far from the giddy town's tumultuous ſtrife,
Their wiſhes yet have never learn'd to ſtray;
Content and happy in a ſingle life,
They keep the noiſeleſs terror of their way.

E'en now, their books from cobwebs to protect,
Inclos'd by doors of glaſs in Doric ſtile,
On poliſh'd pillars rais'd with bronzes deckt,
They claim the paſſing tribute of a ſmile:

Oft are the authors' names, though richly bound,
Miſ-ſpelt by blundering binders' want of care,
And many a catalogue is ſtrew'd around,
To tell th' admiring gueſt what books are there.

For who, to thoughtleſs ignorance a prey,
Neglects to hold ſhort dalliance with a book?
Who there but wiſhes to prolong his ſtay,
And on thoſe caſes caſts a lingering look?

Reports

Reports attract the Lawyer's parting eyes,
Novels Lord Fopling and Sir Plume require,
For Songs and Plays the voice of Beauty cries,
And Senſe and Nature Grandiſon deſire.

For thee, who, mindful of thy lov'd compeers,
Do'ſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate,
If chance, with prying ſearch, in future years,
Some antiquarian ſhould enquire thy fate;

Haply ſome friend may ſhake his hoary head,
And ſay, " Each morn unchill'd by froſts he ran,
" With hoſe ungarter'd o'er yon turfy bed,
" To reach the chapel ere the pſalms began;

" There, in the arms of that lethargic chair,
" Which rears its old moth-eaten back ſo high,
" At noon he quaff'd three glaſſes to the fair,
" And por'd upon the news with curious eye:

" Now by the fire engag'd in ſerious talk,
" Or mirthful converſe would he loitering ſtand,
" Then in the garden choſe a ſunny walk,
" Or launch'd the poliſh'd bowl with ſteady hand.

" One morn we miſs'd him at the hour of prayer,
" Nor in the hall, nor on his favourite green;
" Another came; nor yet within the chair,
" Nor yet at bowls or chapel was he ſeen.

" The

" The next we heard that in a neighbouring ſhire,
" That day to church he led a bluſhing bride,
" A nymph whoſe ſnowy veſt and maiden fear
" Improv'd her beauty while the knot was ty'd.

" Now, by his patron's bounteous care remov'd,
" He roves enraptur'd through the fields of Kent,
" Yet, ever mindful of the place he lov'd,
" Read here the letter which he lately ſent."

THE LETTER.

IN rural innocence ſecure I dwell,
Alike to fortune and to fame unknown;
Approving conſcience chears my humble cell,
And ſocial quiet marks me for her own.

Next to the bleſſings of religious truth,
Two gifts my endleſs gratitude engage,
A Wife—the joy and tranſport of my youth,
Now with a Son—the comfort of my age.

Seek not to draw me from this kind retreat,
In loftier ſpheres unfit, untaught to move,
Content with calm domeſtic life, where meet
The ſweets of friendſhip, and the ſmiles of love.

AN ELEGY,

Written in WESTMINSTER-HALL during the long Vacation.

THE courts are ſhut—departed every judge,
Each greedy lawyer gripes his double fee:
In doleful mood the ſuitors homeward trudge,
And leave the hall to ſilence and to me.

Now not a barriſter attracts the ſight,
And all the dome a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save at the entrance, where, with all her might,
The *Quean* of Apples at the porter ſcolds;

Save that at fives a group of wrangling boys
At intervals purſue the bounding ball,
Make Henderſon *, the ſtudious, damn their noiſe,
When battering down the plaiſter from the wall.

From every court, with every virtue crown'd,
Where many get, and many loſe their bread,
Elſewhere to ſquabble, puzzle, and confound,
Attornies, clerks—and council—all are fled.

* An author and bookſeller.

Con-

Contending fools, too ſtubborn to agree,
The good fat client (name for ever dear!)
The long-drawn brief, and ſpirit-ſtirring fee,
No more, till Michaelmas, ſhall ſend them here.

Till then, no more th' Exchequer * nymphs ſhall run
To fetch their wigs, and giggling ſtroke the tail,
Or dreſſy orange-wenches ply their fun,
And offer their commodities to ſale.

With theſe the Templar oft has ſtopp'd to chat,
And tipp'd them ſix-pence for each cake he broke:
How jocund did they give him tit for tat!
And bonnily return'd him joke for joke!

Let not droll Peter † look with eyes aſkew,
Nor envy them the profits of the hall;
Let him not think that, with a ſpiteful view,
They mean to draw the cuſtom from his ſtall.

The cinder-wench in duſt-cart ſeated high,
With arms begrim'd, and dirty as her ſieve,
The ragged trulls, who ſprats and herrings cry,
The meaneſt trollops, have a right to live.

Nor you, ye belles! impute the fault to theſe,
If at the glittering ball they not appear,
Where muſic has a thouſand charms to pleaſe,
And with its ſweetneſs almoſt wounds the ear.

* The coffee-houſe. † A trinket-ſeller.

Will

Will Almack, or the goddeſs of Soho,
Inliſt theſe miſſes in their brilliant train,
Admit them e'en to ſee the puppet-ſhow,
To take one peep, and light them out again?

Perhaps in their neglected minds were ſown
The ſeeds of worth from nature's large ſupply;
The ſeeds of worth, which might in time have grown,
And flouriſh'd lovely to the raviſh'd eye.

But the calm ſun-ſhine of a parent's care
With one warm ray their boſom's ne'er impreſt;
Ill-uſage drove the wretches to deſpair,
And check'd each growing virtue of the breaſt.

Full many a rural laſs in Britain's land
The vile unwarrantable brothels hold;
Full many a town-bred damſel walks the Strand,
And trucks her beauty for a piece of gold.

Some ghoſt of Jefferies will this floor parade,
Some daring Pettifogger, ſtern of brow,
Who might have done due honour to the ſpade,
Whirl'd the tough flail, or graſp'd the peaceful plough,

This upſtart thing ſome uſeful trade to learn,
By far more ſuited to his ſhallow head,
Some trade, by which he might have known to earn,
With honeſt induſtry, his daily bread,

False pride forbade; nor to himself alone,
Confines his views, but to his son extends;
Forbade the youth, to quirks already prone,
To mind the means, so he could gain the ends.

Forbade to bind him 'prentice to a trade,
Behind the compter all the day to stand,
His birth by work mechanic to degrade,
Or wait on customers with cap in hand.

Far from the worthy members of the law,
A rogue in grain, he ever kept aloof;
From learn'd bum-bailiffs learn'd his briefs to draw,
And where he could not find, he coin'd a proof.

Yet doth this wretch, illiterate as proud,
With low-lif'd homage, low-lif'd business meet,
And pick the pockets of th' unhappy crowd,
Moor'd in the Compter, Newgate, and The Fleet.

Bound by their creditors in durance fast!
In plaintive murmurs they bewail their fate,
And many an eager wishful eye they cast,
Whene'er the Turn-key opes and shuts the gate.

For who, to dull imprisonment a prey,
The pleasing thoughts of freedom e'er resign'd,
From home, from wife and children dragg'd away,
"Nor cast one longing lingering look behind!"

Some

Some ſharp attorney muſt the captive hire,
Who knows each ſecret winding of the laws;
Some previous fees th' attorney will require,
Before he ventures to conduct his cauſe.

For you, who traverſe up and down this ſhrine,
And lounge and ſaunter at your wonted rate,
If in ſome future chat, with arch deſign,
Some wag ſhould aſk this Pettifogger's fate:

In ſneering mood, ſome brother quill may ſay,
" I've ſeen him oft at ale-houſe table ſit,
" Bruſhing, with dirty hands, the crumbs away,
" And eye the mutton roaſting on the ſpit.

" There in the ſnug warm corner of the bench,
" Part ſtain'd with greaſe, and part defil'd with beer,
" His thirſt with cooling porter would he quench,
" And bend his noddle o'er the Gazetteer.

" Hard-by yon ſteps, now grinning as in ſcorn,
" Muttering his oaths and quibbles he would ſtand;
" Now hanging down his pate, like one forlorn,
" As if ſome dread commitment was at hand.

" One morn I miſs'd him in this cuſtom'd hall,
" And at the oak *, where he was wont to be,
" His clerk came down, and anſwer'd to my call,
" But by me ſtepp'd, nor at the oak was he.

* The Royal Oak, a public-houſe near the Hall.

" The next I heard (oh melancholy tale!
" On our profeſſion what a foul reproach!)
" That he for forgery was confin'd in jail,
" And dragg'd (oh ſhameful!) there without a
" coach."

HIS CHARACTER.

Vulture, the arrant'ſt raſcal upon earth,
At length is caught, and into Newgate thrown;
Fair Honeſty diſclaim'd him at his birth,
And Villainy confeſs'd him as her own.

Grown old in ſin, at no one crime diſmay'd,
'Gainſt nature's cries he arm'd his callous heart,
For, when his father was to death convey'd,
He growl'd—and damn'd the ſlowneſs of the cart.

Jack Ketch, to ſhew his duty to his friend,
Will ſoon confirm it with the ſtrongeſt tie;
But on ſuch ties what mortal would depend?
A rogue he liv'd, and like a rogue he'll die.

Now preſt with guilt, he feels its ſharpeſt ſting,
Great his tranſgreſſions, and but ſmall his hope,
He gave the ſheriff (all he had!) a ring,
He gain'd from juſtice (all he fear'd!) a rope.

No farther ſeek his vices to diſcloſe,
But leave the culprit to his dark abode;
There let him reſt, till, breaking his repoſe,
The hangman ſummons him to Tyburn-road.

ELEGY,

ELEGY,

On the Death of THE GUARDIAN OUTWITTED*;

THE ſhrill bell rings the knell of "Curtain
"riſe;"
From the thrum'd ſtring the ſcraping herd to warn;
Behind the ſcenes the plodding ſnuffer hies,
And leaves the ſtage to Operas and to Arne.

Now ſtrike the glimmering lamps upon the ſight,
And all the houſe a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the Seaman from the Gallery's height,
For roaſt beef bawling, the cu'd Fidler ſcolds;

Save that in yonder velvet-mantled box
A moping Counteſs to her Grace complains
Of macaws, monkeys, perroquets, and ſhocks,
And loſſes *vaiſt* and *vaiſtly* paltry gains.

Behind theſe rugged ſpikes that bag-wigs ſhade,
Where tuneful Folios lie in many a heap,
Each in his narrow line for ever laid
The embryo crotchets of the Guardian ſleep.

* An Opera, written and compoſed by Thomas Auguſtine Arne, M. D. It was acted at Covent-Garden theatre ſix nights in the month of December 1764.

The long, long, trill of quaver-torturing Brent *,
Miſs Hallam * twittering from her tender throat,
Thy clarion, Beard *, that Echo's ear has rent,
No more ſhall rouze each lowly-ſlumbering note.

For theſe no more a parent's breaſt ſhall burn;
His buſy fingers ply their evening care;
Poor baniſh'd children! never to return,
Nor their own tender ſire's applauſe to ſhare.

Oft did the City Nymph their ſweetneſs own,
Their force the ſtubborn centinel has broke;
How jocund did they drive the dull farce down,
When wit and ſenſe expir'd without a joke!

Yet, let not genius mock their uſeleſs toil,
Their tranſient honours and their life not long;
Nor ſenſe behold with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of a ſong.

The pomp of Tragedy, expreſſion's power,
And all that Garrick, all that Quin e'er gave,
Have found alike th' inevitable hour,
And the Fifth Act ſtill led them to the grave.

Forgive, ye Bards, th' involuntary fault,
If love parental ſhall no trophies raiſe,
Where in th' Orcheſtra's low ſequeſter'd vault,
The coxcomb Fidler plies his arm for praiſe.

* Performers in the Opera.

Can penſive Arne, with animated ſtrain,
Back to its audience call his fleeting Play?
Can Muſic's voice the hand of death reſtrain,
Or ſoothing ſounds prolong the fatal day?

Perhaps, ere this, he many an Opera made,
Which, though not pregnant with celeſtial fire,
Might yet, like this, its little night have ſway'd,
And wak'd to extacy the living lyre.

But ſhrill rehearſal each unprinted page,
Laviſh of grins and ſqualls, did ne'er unroll;
The hiſs contemptuous and the catcall's rage
Repreſs'd the great ambition of his ſoul.

Full many a book, of pureſt page ſerene,
The high ungenial cells of Grub-ſtreet bear;
Full many a pamphlet leaves the preſs unſeen,
In Moorfields dangling to the deſart air.

Some village ******, who a wife's fell frown,
A vixen wife with muſic has withſtood,
Some blind Corelli oft may ſcrape unknown,
Some Arne, not guilty of an Opera's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſtening Boxes to command,
Damnation's pain and ruin to deſpiſe;
To ſcatter crotchets o'er a fidling land,
And read their influence in a lady's eyes;

Their lot forbade; nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their tuneful empire, but their pride confin'd,
Forbade pert Nonſenſe to uſurp the throne
Of Taſte, and baniſh genius from mankind.

Oft pilfer'd airs, and borrow'd ſtrains to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
And feed the fondneſs of a Fidler's pride
With dull pretences to a Muſe's flame.

Far from the merry wake, and ruſtic ball,
No vain purſuits, their ſober wiſhes led:
Along the ſtreets, and round his worſhip's hall,
They ſcrap'd the noiſy tenor for their bread:

Yet ſtill the blind from inſult to protect,
Some faithful conſort ever wandering nigh,
With vary'd garb, and uncouth'd pinner deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute with a ſigh.

Her ditties oft, though an unletter'd Muſe,
The place of air and ſonnet would ſupply;
And ſongs of grace at Chriſtmas would ſhe chuſe,
Repaid with luncheons from the grey-gooſe pye.

For who, ſo much to gloomineſs a prey,
Whoſe ſpirits muſic knows not to advance?
Or who could liſten to her roundelay,
Nor lift one longing, lingering leg to dance?

On

On ſome ſmart air the active heel relies,
Some ſprightly jig the ſpringing foot requires;
E'en to a march the moving ſpirits riſe,
E'en in a minuet wake our youthful fires.

For Thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Doſt in theſe lines the *Guardian's* Tale relate,
If chance, by love of Elegy miſled,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall enquire thy fate;

Haply ſome antiquated Maid may ſay;
" Oft have we ſeen him at the hour of prayer
" Bruſhing, with haſty hand, the duſt away
" From his rent caſſock and his beaver bare.

" Oft by the ſide of yonder nodding font
" That lifts its old fantaſtic head ſo high,
" To wait the frequent chriſtening was he wont,
" And frown upon the Clerk that babbled by.

" Oft in yon pulpit, ſmiling as in ſcorn,
" Muttering his uncouth doctrines would he
" preach,
" Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
" In deep deſpair the Mitre's grace to reach.

" One morn I miſs'd him at the hour of prayer,
" In vain I took my ſpectacles to ſee;
" His wonted ſurplice did another wear,
" Nor in the veſtry, nor the deſk, was he.

" The next with dirges due, in ſad array,
" Slow through the church-way path we ſaw him
" brought,
" Approach and read (if thou canſt read!) the lay
" Which his own Clerk, his Pariſh Clerk, has
" wrote."

EPITAPH.

Here reſts his head upon the lap of earth,
A Curate poor, to ſtalls and tythes unknown;
No Biſhop ſmil'd upon his humble birth;
No Miniſter e'er mark'd him for his own.

Bread was his only food, his drink the brook;
So ſmall a ſalary did his Rector ſend:
He left his laundreſs all he had—a book;
He found in Death, 'twas all he wiſh'd—a friend.

No longer ſeek his wardrobe to diſcloſe,
Nor draw his breeches from their darkſome cell;
There, like their maſter, let them find repoſe,
Nor dread the horrors of a Taylor's hell.

EPITAPH

ON

A CERTAIN POET.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of earth,
One nor to Fortune nor to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble Birth,
And ſmooth-tongued Flattery mark'd him for her own.

Large was his wiſh—in this he was ſincere,
Fate did a recompence as largely ſend,
Gave the poor C——r four hundred pounds a year,
And made a dirty miniſter his friend.

No further ſeek his deeds to bring to light,
For, ah! he offer'd at Corruption's ſhrine;
And baſely ſtrove to waſh an Æthiop white,
While Truth and Honour bled in every line!

THE

ADVANTAGES OF POLITICKS TO THIS NATION:

Humbly inſcribed to

EVERY POLITICIAN THAT CAN READ.

Merſor civilibus undis. HOR.

First printed in 1729.

THE

ADVANTAGES of POLITICKS to this Nation, &c.

WITHOUT inquiring into the cauſe, we may affirm it as a certain truth, that the Iſland of Great-Britain is more fertile in politicks, than any other part of the known world. It has been doubted by many wiſe men, whether this our native commodity has not been a greater misfortune, than bleſſing to the kingdom. But I ſhall endeavour to remove this unreaſonable ſcruple, by laying before the world ſome of the many advantages, which accrue to the nation from this public ſpirit, which runs through every degree of the people. All the Politicians, as may be undeniably proved from their own profeſſions, are zealouſly attached to the public welfare: moſt of them are willing, beyond their abilities, to ſerve in any public employments, and are even angry if they are not employed; and not a few are ſo generous, as to neglect their own concerns, to promote the good of their country.

Before

Before I enter on the taſk propoſed, I ſhall premiſe ſomething concerning the numbers, quality, education, and employment, of theſe conſummate ſtateſmen.

In moſt other countries, there are not above ten or a dozen perſons of choice genius, and long experience, concerned in the management of the public, while the reſt of the people mind their buſineſs: in Great-Britain, there is ſcarce that number that mind their own buſineſs, ſo much as the management of the public. It is ſurprizing to obſerve what a noble zeal animates all ages, ſexes, and profeſſions, to reform abuſes in the ſtate; and with what uncommon warmth, old men and maidens, young men and children, engage in this great and glorious undertaking. I never heard it computed how many politicians there may be in this nation; but I think a certain rule may be eſtabliſhed for diſcovery of their numbers. If the Royal Society would be ſo good as to inform us, what number of ſouls there are in it, and how many of them are under two years of age, the buſineſs is done; for take the laſt from the firſt, and the remainder is the ſum required. I chooſe to exclude theſe youngſters from their ſhare in politicks, becauſe they cannot plainly declare what party they are of; nor can we be aſſured of their ſentiments from their expreſſions. I confeſs, indeed, that, though

though they cannot ſpeak their minds freely, yet they may (and very often do) intimate, by ſigns, what intereſt they eſpouſe, and whether they are friends or enemies to the adminiſtration. On this account, if any one ſhall be of opinion that they ought to be received into the liſt, I ſhall not greatly oppoſe it; ſince it will eaſe the calculation, by making the number of politicians the ſame with that of the inhabitants of the iſland.

Would it not amaze a ſtranger, unacquainted with our preſent ſtate, to be informed, that every man in Great-Britain can talk admirably on any political ſubject; and that there are ſcarce any, but dedicate ſome part of every day to the ſettling of the nation? that this ſcience extends itſelf univerſally to all orders of men; and that they are often beſt verſed in that part of it, which ſeems moſt foreign to their own callings? It is no uncommon thing for a clergyman to make war, or a lawyer peace; for a phyſician to underſtand the political, as well as animal œconomy, and to know when lenitives, purgatives, or bleeding, would be of ſervice to the ſtate. An alderman ſhall fortify a town, or fight a battle; and an officer of the army explain a treaty of commerce, or reform the doctrines of the church. A young nobleman, who has paſſed moſt of his time at plays and aſſemblies, ſhall decide as confidently on the rights of nations, as if he had

had made Pufendorff and Grotius his only ſtudy; and ſhall think himſelf capable of judging of every thing, becauſe he was born to be a judge. In ſhort, not only noblemen, gentlemen, and merchants, are ſkilled in policy, but all tradeſmen, labourers, and mechanicks. A taylor can cut out work for the miniſtry, and a ſhoe-maker ſet the conſtitution on a better foot; a carpenter can erect a new form of government, and a bricklayer place the old one on a ſurer foundation. A Britiſh porter, or chairman, is generally as able a ſtateſman, as a count or marquis of another nation. Sometimes the women underſtand matters of government better than their huſbands, and often ſet them right when they are miſtaken. Would not, I ſay, a ſtranger be amazed at all this? would he not wonder how perſons without genius, learning, or experience, ſhould arrive at this proficiency? and would he not conclude they were inſpired? But we, who are politicians, know that it does not proceed from inſpiration, but is owing to good education and example.

When I conſider the education of a modern ſtateſman, I cannot but reflect on the thanks that are due to his mother; and am apt to aſcribe the figure, which a zealous patriot makes, to her care of his tender years. Who can ſufficiently admire or applaud the diſcretion of many parents, who are more ſolicitous

citous that their children ſhould be early inſtructed in policy, than either in morality or religion? They imbibe patriotiſm whilſt they hang at the breaſt, and the firſt ideas they receive are of a public nature. They are taught to entertain a friendſhip for the leaders of their own ſide, and an averſion for thoſe of the oppoſite. If maſter is naught, he is to be delivered over to a prime miniſter of ſtate; and if he is good, he is ſome time or other to be one himſelf. Before he knows his Chriſtian name, he can tell the name of his party; can repeat his political creed better than that of the Apoſtles; and is confirmed in his ſtate-principles long before he is fit to be confirmed by the biſhop. What fruit may we not expect from ſeeds thus early ſown; eſpecially when we conſider the pains that are taken to cultivate and improve them? When the young gentleman or lady (for both are equally politicians) are fit to appear in the world, they are adviſed to aſſociate with people of ſound (that is the ſame) principles; and to regard the reſt of mankind as monſters of the ſpecies. They are not only, like Jews, to marry in their own tribe; but are forbidden, under ſevere penalties, to converſe out of it. The young gentleman's tutor muſt be a perſon of ſound principles; and ſo muſt his taylor and barber. The ſame may be ſaid of miſs's dancing-maſter and ſempſtreſs.

The butcher, brewer, grocer, mercer, &c. muſt be all ſtaunch; and no matter whether their commodities are good, ſo that their principles are ſound. Our young politicians, obſerving every one valued amongſt their acquaintance in proportion to his zeal, reſolve to raiſe their own reputation the ſame way; become furious and outrageous in a cauſe they never examined; and extremely prejudiced againſt perſons they have not the honour to know. Thus their public virtues eclipſe thoſe which adorn private life; and the man is loſt in the patriot.

A politician being thus inſtructed, let us view him on the ſtage of life, and conſider the part he acts in it. He is always very buſy, and has nothing to do; concerns himſelf in every thing, and yet has a hand in nothing. He is a prime miniſter in every country of the known world; but his favourite care is the iſland of Great-Britain. As he has the intereſt of his country always at heart, he is always ſolicitous to know what paſſes in it. This makes him apply himſelf to the ſtudy of Modern Hiſtory; and I may venture to affirm, there is no place where he can have ſo good opportunities of information. There is ſcarce a country-town, or a ſtreet in London, without a coffee-houſe, which may be regarded as a public college for politicians. Theſe colleges are all furniſhed with

daily

daily and weekly volumes of the public ſtate of Europe; and private intelligence flows into them from all quarters. There is, beſides, generally in each of theſe colleges a public orator or profeſſor; whom long attendance in the college, ſtrong lungs, or good aſſurance, have advanced to that dignity; and whoſe harangues have frequently admirable effects on the zeal and credulity of his diſciples. Every man is admitted into theſe colleges on eaſy terms; and for two-pence may read and hear a lecture, which ſhall make him underſtand as much of the public ſtate of affairs as any of his neighbours. There is no place where the ſecret method of conveying intelligence is more eaſily learned, or is better practiſed. I have known a great officer diſplaced by a whiſper, have ſeen the ſtate of the nation deplored by turning up the eye, and a ſhrug ſet all Europe in a flame. But this is not the chief uſe of the inſtitution of theſe colleges, nor the principal employment of its members; which I take to conſiſt in examining all tranſactions, and paſſing their definitive ſentence on them; ſometimes to draw concluſions from facts which never happened, and to foreſee events which are never likely to happen; always to cenſure the proceedings of the miniſtry and parliament, and to rectify their errors and abuſes: and, laſtly, to engage in all diſputations, public and private, on all ſubjects, both foreign

and domeſtic. As there is generally much knowledge to be collected from theſe diſputations, ſo I muſt confeſs they are ſometimes attended with inconveniencies. Every college maintains principles, which are not readily comprehended by the members of another college. St. James's is as diſtant from Garraway's in opinion, as ſituation; what is logick at the Cocoa-tree is not ſo at Button's; and a maxim at Child's is a paradox at the Grecian: ſo that, when members of different colleges happen to meet, their diſputes ſometimes riſe ſo high, that, for want of a moderator at hand, the reſpondent is run through the body by the opponent. This is a great inconvenience; but let us ſhift the ſcene to one more agreeable, and ſhew the many advantages of politicks to the nation; which is the main deſign of this treatiſe.

And here, becauſe I love method in an author, I ſhall endeavour to obſerve ſome myſelf. I ſhall firſt conſider the advantages of politicks with regard to the politician himſelf, and then with regard to the publick.

The firſt and great advantage to the politician is this; that public zeal ſupplies the place of all other virtues, and covers all imperfections. Like riches, it makes a man wiſe, good, honourable, brave, eloquent, and what not: it is a beautifying waſh, which clears the ill complexion of his actions; and

the

the only infallible noſtrum that can make him amiable in the eyes of his party. A politician may break an oath, and yet be a perſon of honour; he may refuſe to pay his debts, and be the honeſteſt fellow in the world: I have known a man who never went to church, a ſupport of it; and a traitor, an ornament to the ſtate: I have known debauchees, common ſwearers, and ſharpers, men of exceedingly good principles; and do not deſpair to ſee a highwayman, or knight of the poſt, a patriot *. *This* gentleman ſhall have an indulgence to keep a whore, if he will but declaim againſt the Whore of Babylon; and *that*, to be a tyrant in his family, if he will be but a ſlave to his party. When you aſk a man's character; you do not deſire to be informed, whether he is faithful to his friend, grateful to his benefactor, kind to his neighbour, compaſſionate to the diſtreſſed; but how he voted at the laſt election: and when you inquire if a man is honeſt, it is not now commonly underſtood, whether he can drink three bottles at a ſitting, but whether he goes as you would have him in the houſe. In fine, virtue does not conſiſt as formerly in a medium, but ſhines forth brighteſt in extremes: moderation

* It may be proper to repeat, leſt modern Patriotiſm ſhould take offence where none is meant, that this eſſay was written ſo long ago as the year 1729.

is the only crime; and the only good quality is zeal.

Another advantage of political zeal to the owner is, that it is the ſhorteſt way of becoming eminent. It requires much time and application, to gain a character in any learned profeſſion; and a ſeven-years apprenticeſhip is neceſſary before a man can exerciſe a trade: but any one may ſet up for a politician whenever he pleaſes, and may grow famous in an inſtant. No matter for his head: the only ſtock requiſite is a warm heart, ſtrong lungs, and a Corinthian front; and, if he is well furniſhed with theſe, he cannot fail of admirers. Why are ſo many men of good parts and morals neglected? is it not becauſe they want theſe accompliſhments? And why are ſo many, without morals or parts, careſſed? is it not becauſe they abound in them? Many a man in the world owes all the reputation he has in it to ſome lucky opportunity of exerting theſe talents. I have known ſeveral, who would have always lived in obſcurity, had they not ſignalized themſelves by their noiſe at an election; and, though unknown before, have had their healths drunk throughout the county, only for diſturbing the peace of it. Nay, there are ſome, who have gained immortal credit, only by drinking a health; and, whilſt they have wiſhed "confuſion to their "enemies" in a bumper, have extremely ingratiated

ſtated themſelves with their friends. If a man breaks a head of different ſentiments, he is regarded as a hero; and if he has his own broken, as a martyr in the cauſe. Not a few have ſecured a reputation, by declaiming in coffee-houſes; and as many have paſſed for ſtateſmen, by railing at the times: an invective againſt the miniſtry proves a panegyrick to the author; and by aſperſing the character of a great man, a man often becomes great. Since therefore the way to Fame does not, as heretofore, lay through the temple of Virtue; but there are many other paſſages to it, through which politicians can only be conducted by zeal and clamour: what wonder is there, if every ambitious man provides himſelf with thoſe guides?

I know not if I ought to mention another advantage of political zeal, that it has been found the ſureſt ſtep to preferment: for, if deſire of fame will not inſpire our politician, can it be expected that he will be influenced by ſo low a conſideration as intereſt? He proceeds on more generous motives; and the good of his country is his only principle of action. How maliciouſly then it is inſinuated by many, that he has nothing but ſelfiſh views! Have we not ſeen, ſay they, *this* man declaim againſt a white ſtaff, in order to obtain it; and *that* lament the danger of the church, until he has been advanced to the mitre! Do we not owe many

warm ſpeeches in both houſes to hopes; and many more to diſappointments? Does not one ſpeak to be encouraged to ſpeak again; and another to be tempted to hold his tongue? I muſt confeſs, as we live in a country where a generous zeal often meets with a ſuitable reward, there is ſome colour for ſuch inſinuations; but, on a ſtrict examination, we ſhall find no real foundation for them. We cannot ſearch into mens hearts, for the motives of their actions; and muſt therefore depend on their profeſſions, as the beſt evidence we can get. Did ever any man declare, that he was zealous only to get a place? or, when he accepts a place, that it is out of ſelf-intereſt? Does he not, on the contrary, profeſs that it is either to prevent its falling into worſe hands, or to ſerve his country and his friends? We muſt therefore conclude, that preferment is not the cauſe of his zeal; but zeal the cauſe of his preferment.

It is another advantage to the politician, that he can never want buſineſs or diſcourſe. It is a melancholy conſideration, to think how heavy the time would hang on many an honeſt gentleman, if he had not an opportunity of viſiting the coffee-houſe. This is an open aſylum, to which he may at all times fly for refuge; and paſs many hours agreeably, in which he might otherwiſe be a burthen to himſelf, or a plague to his family.

Here

Here he can ſit at eaſe, and diſpoſe of the world at pleaſure. If there is nothing to reform at home (which ſeldom happens), he can ſend his thoughts abroad into the continent; and, if Europe is at peace, can carry-on his conqueſts in other quarters of the world. He can, when he pleaſes, reſtore the Sophy, or dethrone the Emperor of Morocco. If he is in an ill humour, he can ſtir up the Turk againſt Chriſtendom, and kindle a religious war. He can raiſe an army, or equip a fleet, without any expence; and gain a victory without bloodſhed. When he has collected a number of facts which want confirmation, and raiſed ſuitable ſpeculations on them, he is prepared to ſatisfy the curioſity of the next man he meets. With ſuch a knowledge, many eminent politicians ſupport their character, who would make but a deſpicable figure without it: for, as they are generally not bred to any buſineſs or profeſſion, unacquainted with all parts of learning, and enemies to reading, they would want materials for diſcourſe; and their converſation would riſe no higher than an enquiry after a friend's health, or ſome notable remarks on the barometer. But, now, aſk a politician what news (which is a queſtion rarely omitted); it opens a field of diſcourſe, which cannot ſoon be run through; it gives a man an opportunity of ſhining, who muſt otherwiſe

wife ſit ſilent; and makes a cypher in the world a diverting member of Society.

I muſt not paſs over in ſilence the numberleſs advantages of a political ſpirit to the fair ſex in particular. It in ſome meaſure diverts their thoughts from trifles, as faſhion, dreſs, and equipage, which are very expenſive; and frees them from the care of domeſtic concerns, which is too mean a province for ladies of diſtinction: it takes them off very much from reading plays and romances, which are apt to inſpire them with warm and tender ſentiments, and lay them too open to the attacks of Cupid. I muſt therefore beg leave to congratulate all fathers and huſbands on the felicity of theſe times; when love-intrigues are leſs ſtudied than intrigues of ſtate; when the Craftſman is more read than the Atalantis; when Caſſandra ſells for half-price; and when All for Love is not got by-heart by above ten thouſand ladies in this iſland. Politicks are likewiſe ſerviceable, as they have retrenched private ſcandal; and, by being received at the tea-table, have contributed to preſerve a good underſtanding among neighbours. The ladies are often ſo buſy in attacking a miniſter of ſtate, that they ſpare a huſband or a wife; and are ſo taken up in cenſuring public miſcarriages, that private ones ſometimes eſcape their notice. I am perſuaded in my conſcience, that many a reputation is now owing

owing to the lucky arrival of a Dutch mail; for the fair ſex are at preſent as ſolicitous to know what paſſes at Soiſſons, as either in the drawing-room or ridotto. Another advantage of public ſpirit (and which the ladies themſelves muſt allow not to be a ſmall one) is, that it improves their charms. A woman is never ſo amiable as when ſhe engages in a political diſpute: if ſhe is ever ſo pale, ſhe has no occaſion to put on red; or, if ſhe is in her decline, her eyes ſparkle, and ſhe appears in the bloom of fifteen: nay, I have ſometimes known a paragraph in the news-paper as great a beautifier as any recommended in the advertiſements. But the greateſt advantage of all is, that ladies are often directed by their politicks in the choice of a huſband. They are ſo heroic, as to neglect the conſiderations which engage vulgar minds, when they come in competition with the public good. Some lovers have ingratiated themſelves, by maintaining paſſive obedience; and others have been rejected, for being friends to epiſcopacy. There have been inſtances where ladies have been more taken with a man's party than his perſon; and have been leſs concerned whether a man was black or fair, than whether he was a Whig or Tory. Zeal has often ſucceeded better than merit or fortune; and clamour has ſupplanted good-humour, manners, and ſenſe: nay, ſometimes men of un-

found

ſound conſtitutions have recommended themſelves by the ſoundneſs of their principles. By ſuch a prudent choice, the ladies cut off all political diſputes with their huſbands; and are left liable only to thoſe private contentions and misfortunes which diſturb the matrimonial ſtate.

I ſhall now, to make good my promiſe to the courteous reader, preſent him with ſome of thoſe advantages which redound to the community from this ſpirit of policy in my countrymen.

In the firſt place, I may venture to affirm, that the public revenue is exceedingly increaſed by it: nay, I had almoſt ſaid, that it is the principal fund from which it ariſes. It is this which enables us to maintain our fleet and army, to pay the intereſt of our public debts, and give us hopes of diſcharging the principal, by the increaſe of the ſinking-fund. And this, I think, may be made out, even to a demonſtration, by conſidering how ſeveral branches of the revenue are improved by it. The cuſtom and exciſe on liquors riſe in proportion to the conſumption of them; and their conſumption is exceedingly increaſed by the public ſpirit of the nation. As drinking is the common way of ſignalizing a man's loyalty, it is amazing to reflect on the quantities of wine and ſtrong-beer that are yearly conſumed that way. There are many days in a year more particularly diſtinguiſhed by drinking loyal

loyal healths, and giving ale in great quantities to the populace, as may be proved by many authentic accounts in print, ſent all over the kingdom by the worthy gentlemen who gave it. Theſe are principally days of thankſgiving or inauguration; the birth-days of princes now living, or of princes long ſince dead; the Twenty-ninth of May, and the Fifth of November; for it is with infinite pleaſure I now obſerve, that the Thirtieth of January * and Tenth of June † are no longer regarded as days of thankſgiving, nor is there any extraordinary conſumption of liquor upon them. But the great ſolemnity of theſe days do not hinder honeſt patriots from expreſſing their loyalty every day, by ſwallowing capacious bowls. Is there a true ſon of the church, that does not conſtantly after dinner wiſh proſperity to it in a full glaſs? or is there any, that wiſh well to the kingdom, that do not drink their majeſties health in a bumper? A numerous royal family is our great bleſſing and ſecurity, and people have not been wanting in expreſſions of joy: and I cannot but reflect with pleaſure, that both the Cuſtoms and Exciſe muſt have produced conſiderably more ſince his royal highneſs's ‡ happy arrival in

* This anniverſary with difficulty maintains its ground, and will probably ſoon be aboliſhed.

† And this, in the natural courſe of events, will ſpeedily ſink into oblivion.

‡ Frederick prince of Wales.

the

the kingdom. It may be needleſs to inſiſt on the quantities of liquor daily drunk, to great men in power, and to great men diſcarded; and much more that is ſacrificed, to proſperity of friends, and confuſion of enemies. But the time of the greateſt conſumption is a controverted election: for few find themſelves in a right temper to chooſe a legiſlator, until they have drowned their underſtandings; and it is incredible how much a freeholder, or ſcot-and-lot man, will ſwallow, when they drink at free-coſt, and are warmed by a clamorous zeal for the excellent and generous patriot that entertains them. There is likewiſe much liquor conſumed in ſettling the nation, and carrying on political diſputes in private. A country parſon, or ſquire, debates beſt over a pot of ale; and a common-council-man over a bottle of port: but the beaux find French claret moſt uſeful in their ſpeculations. *This* politician compoſes his thoughts with a diſh of tea or coffee; and *that* enlivens them with a dram: another is not ready to enter on public buſineſs until he takes a pipe, and never ſees ſo clear as through a cloud. As the public revenue is raiſed in all theſe particulars; ſo, the political converſations being frequently continued until late at night, the produce of the duty on coals and candles is conſiderably augmented. It may ſeem too frivolous to affirm the ſame of the duties on ſoap and leather, though I think it cannot

not well be denied: for a politician cannot decently make his appearance, in places of public reſort, without a clean ſhirt; and he muſt neceſſarily wear out his ſhoes in bearing the news, he picks up there, to other quarters of the town. It is obvious to every one, that great part of the ſtamp-duties * ariſe from Daily and Weekly Papers, publiſhed for the entertainment of our modern ſtateſmen; and that the Poſt-office receives no ſmall benefit, by diſperſing them through his majeſty's dominions. I could produce many more inſtances of this kind; but I leave every reader of parts to ſuggeſt them to himſelf: by theſe few, he may ſufficiently ſee that public ſpirit is a public benefit; and that the figure Great Britain makes abroad, is owing to the figure its politicians make at home. If I had not entered too precipitately on this work, I would have employed an ingenious friend of mine to have made a nice calculation of the improvement in each branch of the revenue, ariſing from zeal and curioſity; which would have ſwelled this treatiſe to a more graceful ſize, and have been very diverting and inſtructive to the curious reader.

But having, I fear, almoſt tired his patience, by inſiſting ſo largely on this great and undeniable advantage to the publick, I reſolve to make him ſome

* This argument might now be urged with *treble* weight.

amends, by being more conciſe on thoſe that follow.

Politicks are uſeful to the ſtate, as they afford a comfortable ſubſiſtence to thoſe who could gain no livelihood by any trade or profeſſion; and as they find employment for many idle people, who would otherwiſe be a uſeleſs load on ſociety. I would not be miſunderſtood to hint at any of the politicians themſelves; but at numbers of vintners, alehouſe-keepers, coffee-men, tapſters, drawers, printers, hawkers, and Grub-ſtreet authors, who may be looked upon as the menial ſervants and attendants to the body politick of the nation.

It is another advantage of politicks, that they have a good effect on the genius and temper of the people. It is a general complaint of foreigners, that we are too reſerved in converſation; but, were they to hear us talk politicks, they would ſoon change their opinion: ſtart but a ſubject relating to the conduct of the court, the parliament, or miniſtry, or to the ſtate of the nation in general; and an Engliſhman ſhall diſcourſe with much greater freedom than any other native of Europe. I am fully perſuaded, that politicks are likewiſe a great ſecurity to the lives of his majeſty's ſubjects: by ſtirring the animal ſpirits, and quickening the circulation of the blood, they diſperſe melancholy, and convert it into rage; and prevent the fate of many

phlegmatic

phlegmatic perſons, who would hang themſelves in the winter, for want of ſomething to do. On this account I have often thought it a fortunate circumſtance, that the parliament meets in the dulleſt ſeaſon of the year.

Again: politicks are beneficial, as they prevent the invention or improvement of many uſeleſs arts and ſciences. Men are ſo taken up with this important buſineſs, that they have no time to think of any thing elſe. Yet I cannot forbear imagining to myſelf, if there were no politicks in the world, how the honeſt gentlemen, who have no other calling, muſt have paſſed their time in it. Certainly perſons of ſuch active genius could not have lain idle. Many, who are now prying into ſecrets of ſtate, would perhaps have been as buſy in examining the ſecrets of nature. Inſtead of remarking the colours that ſtateſmen put upon their actions, they would have employed their ſpeculations on a butterfly: and, inſtead of conſidering the conſtitution in all its parts, would have been cutting up a dog, or ſticking a flea on a microſcope. Some, who are contriving ſchemes to raiſe money, would have been ſearching after the philoſopher's ſtone. Thoſe, who compute the public debts, would have been calculating the diſtance to the fixed ſtars: and others, who are propoſing methods to pay them off, would have been finding out a conveyance to the

Moon. And thus many a great politician would have dwindled into a virtuoſo. It is highly probable, that ſeveral, who are for hunting down miniſters of ſtate, would have given chace to a fox; and that the moſt clamourous againſt the adminiſtration would have made as much noiſe after a pack of hounds. As to political writers, whether in proſe or verſe, I fancy they would ſtill have been writers, though their talents muſt have been employed on different ſubjects. What is now a copy of verſes to a great man might have been an ode to Chloe; an epiſtle dedicatory, a billet-doux; a treaſonable ballad, a drunken catch; an invective againſt the miniſtry, a ſatire againſt a rival; a Weekly or Country Journal, a ſermon in the country. It may alſo be reckoned amongſt the advantages of politicks, that they have prevented the growth of Poetry, which is the daughter of Idleneſs, and hindered many a bold adventurer from breaking his neck from the ſummit of Parnaſſus. Who knows but that ſome politicians might have applied themſelves to muſick or painting, which too much ſoften and enervate the mind; or to architecture, which has ruined ſeveral, who thought they underſtood it? As politicks have been ſerviceable in ſupplanting ſuch trifling arts; ſo, I muſt confeſs, they have ſtopped the progreſs of many others, which are really uſeful; ſuch as gardening, agriculture, ma-

thematicks, and mechanicks: but, uſeful as they are, I think them nothing, when they come in competition with that great and generous ſcience of governing the world, and taking care of the intereſt of the reſt of mankind. And I am glad I am ſupported in this opinion by ſo great an authority as Virgil *; who ſpeaks ſlightly of all other arts and ſciences, when compared to politicks, which he recommends to his countrymen in the following beautiful lines; which are worthy to be remembered by all politicians; but which, I fear, will not be underſtood by one politician in ten thouſand in this kingdom:

" Excudent alii ſpirantia molliùs æra:
" Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus:
" Orabunt cauſas meliùs, cœlíque meatus
" Deſcribent radio, & ſurgentia ſidera dicent:
" Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
" (Hæ tibi erunt artes) pacíque imponere morem,
" Parcere ſubjectis, & debellare ſuperbos."

I aſk the reader's pardon for dwelling ſo long on this head; and, if he will excuſe me, I promiſe faithfully to mention but one more advantage of politicks to the publick, which is, the numberleſs fine writings which the age has ſeen on that inexhauſtible ſubject. It is ſufficient to name only ſome

* Æneid. vi. 848.

general titles, and the reader will recollect many o each kind. Such are "Letters to a great Man"—"to a Member of Parliament"—"to a Friend in "the Country;"—"Reflections on ſome late Occurrences;"—"Secret Hiſtories;"—"Private "Memoirs;"—"Mercuries, and Journals." All theſe writings are very prolific, and, like contradictions, beget one another: like perſons of quality, they never appear in publick without a numerous train of attendants: "Obſervations" are followed by "Remarks;" and "Conſiderations" by "Some "further Conſiderations." They multiply like the heads of Hydra; for an author is no ſooner cut down in an "Anſwer," than he riſes up again in a "Reply." As moſt of theſe papers are written with great judgement and erudition, impartiality and temper, they have contributed to make us not only the moſt knowing and unprejudiced, but the moſt loving, charitable, good-natured, and contented people on the face of the earth. When I am conſidering political writings as a public benefit, I might ſeem inexcuſable, if I omitted to mention one of the fineſt pieces this or any other age has produced; I mean, the preſent treatiſe. As I am conſcious to myſelf that it proceeded entirely from a public ſpirit, and was undertaken with no other view than the good of my country; ſo, in my opinion, it will be no ſmall advantage to the publick.

lick. My bookſeller is ſo firmly convinced of this, that he thinks it ought to be read by every perſon in Great Britain.

I thought to have concluded here; but I find the *ſcribendi cacoëthes* ſtrong upon me, and cannot lay aſide my pen, without adding an appendix. As I am a politician, I have a right to adviſe my brethren: and I think myſelf as capable of giving good advice, as they are of receiving it. I hope they will not take it ill of me, ſince I proteſt ſincerely, it does not proceed from vanity, but from pure love and kindneſs. The advice which I offer ſhall be contained in a few rules for the better regulation of politicks in this kingdom.

Firſt of all, I would by no means extinguiſh that zeal, and generous concern for their country, which our politicians bear in their breaſts, and which I have ſo much commended throughout this treatiſe: I would only adviſe them to moderate it in ſuch a manner, that it may not break out into indecent rage, and tranſgreſs the bounds of good-manners. I never knew this have any good effect. I never knew a man convinced by being called raſcal, or made a convert by a broken head. If my brother politician is alſo a brother writer; I would adviſe him to keep cloſe to his ſubject, and avoid perſonal reflections: let him not turn remarks on a man's publick conduct into remarks on his private life;

or, if he is engaged in controverſy, let him attack the author, but ſpare the man. Inſtead of this, in many pamphlets, you find leaſt of the ſubject promiſed by the title-page; but the matters moſt largely inſiſted on are either ſome perſonal blemiſh, or ſome misfortune in a family. This is a proceeding ſo vile and deteſtable, ſo cowardly and ungenerous, that it reflects more diſhonour on the author, than the perſon againſt whom his malice is leveled; and a reader, who can be diverted with it, muſt be a man of as mean a ſpirit as himſelf.

In the next place, I would adviſe our politicians, not to call a man names, either to his face, or behind his back: I do not mean Billingſgate names (which the moſt refined politicians reject), but ſuch political names as are commonly uſed, yet ſeldom or never underſtood, in converſation. Perhaps they may ſay they are terms of art, which are as neceſſary in politicks as any other ſcience: I do agree indeed that they are terms of art, but cannot allow that they have any good uſe. They are terms of art; for they were firſt invented, and have ever ſince been propagated, by artful men: they are terms of art, by which the wicked impoſe upon the weak, and the deſigning miſlead the well-meaning part of mankind. But it moves my indignation moſt, when I ſee an empty fellow raiſing a merit to himſelf, or endeavouring to fix an odium on his neighbour,

neighbour, from names which he does not underſtand. Is there any thing more unreaſonable, than that men ſhould uſe words in company, before they know their meaning; or be at liberty to call a man a Whig or a Tory, a Deiſt, Heretick, or Freethinker, when they cannot tell what is underſtood by thoſe expreſſions? It is but fair, that they ſhould define their terms before they produce them; or I do not ſee how any man's character can be vindicated. If the name is explained, the perſon to whom it is applied will either own it, or intirely diſclaim it; until it is explained, he can neither do one nor the other. I know not whether it moſt deſerves our pity or our laughter, to think how moſt of our honeſt countrymen have been led away by ſuch empty ſounds, without once examining their meaning; and, inſtead of loving their neighbour as themſelves, have hated him worſe than the devil, for being they know not what. In ſhort, a hard name is as effectual an inſtrument to deſtroy a man's reputation, as a piſtol to take away his life: and, did I wiſh a man ill, I would take no other method to deprive him of his friends and acquaintance, and ruin him in their good opinion and offices, than by new chriſtening of him. Suppoſe for once a man was conſtantly to call another Bucephalus; what would his neighbours think of him? Some would imagine he had poiſoned his father, or

debauched his ſiſter; others, that he had killed a man, robbed a church, forgotten the Lord's Prayer, denied the Creed, been *tete-a-tete* with Old Nick, had kiſſed the pope's toe, or had lain with the parſon's wife. What is there ſo monſtrous or ſcandalous, that they would not place to the account of Bucephalus? His caſe would be much the ſame with that of poor Mr. Sharper, who loſt a great fortune by his rival's calling him Sharperini. But, heaven be praiſed! it may be reckoned one of the greateſt bleſſings of his majeſty's auſpicious reign, that party diſtinctions are vaniſhing amongſt us. It is near two years ſince I heard the name of a Jacobite; and I do not believe there are fifty in the whole kingdom: the words Whig and Tory are growing obſolete, and in a ſhort time will be as little underſtood as Arabick. For my own part, I never underſtood them: as I never uſe them, I hope never to hear them; and I could heartily wiſh there was a penalty on all who offer to introduce them into converſation. I am ſure they have brought infinite calamities on this nation; and the diſuſe of them is the only thing that can make it happy.

The next piece of advice I give to politicians is, not to be angry with any man for his opinion, nor to ſhun his converſation on that account; and to believe, though he differs from them, that it is poſ-

ſible

ſible he may be an honeſt man. I fear I ſhall ſcarce be credited in this laſt particular; and, if I am not, I deſpair of making it out: for, ſhould I undertake to prove it, I ſhould find it as difficult as to prove an axiom in Euclid. I can therefore only recommend my own example on parallel occaſions. I am but ſhort myſelf, but can converſe with a perſon that is ſix feet high. I do not love muſtard, but have no antipathy to a man that does. I think Uxbridge the neareſt road to Oxford; but, if another thinks Windſor ſo, it does not give me the leaſt uneaſineſs: I may perhaps endeavour to convince him of his miſtake; but, if he will not believe me, I cannot find in my heart to be angry: e'en let him go by Windſor, if he pleaſes; it is his own affair, and not mine: I ſee no reaſon why I ſhould think he intends to take a purſe on that road; or why I ſhould damn him and his to the pit of hell, for being ſuch a fool as to go out of his way: I do not think all rogues that go by Windſor, or all honeſt that paſs through Uxbridge. Give me leave to ſay, that our political diſputes, which are carried to ſuch heights, are often of no greater moment: they are generally no more than a conteſt about a WAY. We all wiſh proſperity to our country; but we think it moſt likely to be obtained by our own ſchemes: we all wiſh well to the king, but think ſome particular perſons more capable of ſerving him

than

than others: we all wiſh to go to heaven, but every ſect believe themſelves in the faireſt path. Upon the whole, is it not more reaſonable that we ſhould be pleaſed that we all propoſe the ſame ends, than that we ſhould be angry with each other for diſagreeing about the means? Yet, they are ſuch trifles that divide the world; that keep people at a diſtance all their lives, who, if once acquainted, would have the greateſt mutual eſteem; and who, if they were to compare notes, might perhaps find they were of the ſame opinion.

Laſtly, I would adviſe our politician, not to be led by the noſe, like a bear by a chain: nor, like a crab, always to go on one ſide: not to fawn and creep; nor yet to ſnarl or bark, like a puppy: not to ſtop one ear; or blink with one eye; and, (though, like Atlas, he ſupports the weight of our world) if poſſible, to walk upright: not to regard mens perſons or profeſſions, ſo much as their actions: not to believe ſome men infallible, and others always in the wrong: not to flatter a man becauſe he is in power, nor to believe ill of him for no other reaſon: not to treat the proceedings of the miniſtry, as ill-natured criticks do books; condemn them without reading; or read them, only to pick out their faults, and not to do juſtice to their beauties. This humour of cenſuring often betrays a politician into manifeſt abſurdities and contradictions. I remember

member ſome, when they imagined Gibraltar would be given up, declared it a place of the greateſt importance; when they ſaw it well defended, they thought it not worth the charge of keeping.

What can we conclude from their diſcourſe? muſt we not believe they ſpeak out of prejudice or intereſt, and want either judgement or ſincerity? Happy would it be for this nation, if every Sancho would not think himſelf capable of entering on a government, but would leave the direction of it to his betters. The laws have veſted the care of the adminiſtration in his majeſty; and we have no reaſon to doubt his care: he has aſſured us from the throne, that he has our intereſt at heart, and his conduct will ever make good his declarations: we have nothing to do, but quietly to enjoy the fruit of thoſe princely qualities, which will make us a great and glorious, and (if we are not wanting to ourſelves) a happy and contented people.

I ſhall add but one word more; to beg, that heaven would grant to every common politician common ſenſe; that he may neither impoſe upon himſelf, nor be made the dupe of others. This is the only thing, that can inſure his own peace of mind, or any laſting repoſe to the publick.

As I am ſenſible the reader will like the laſt ſentence in this pamphlet the beſt, I ſhall now oblige him by bidding him adieu.

A SCHEME

A SCHEME

FOR THE

COALITION OF PARTIES,

HUMBLY SUBMITTED TO

THE PUBLICK.

First printed in the year 1772.

A SCHEME

FOR THE

COALITION OF PARTIES.

OBSERVING it ſeveral times announced in the papers, that a certain able politician would ſhortly oblige the world with a ſcheme for the coalition of all parties; I have long waited with much impatience for a ſight of ſo deſirable a work, from ſo eminent a hand: but, having been hitherto diſappointed, I thought I could not employ a few leiſure hours more beneficially for my country, than in adding my inconſiderable endeavours for the diſcovery of this important ſecret; and that, the more heads were employed in a deſign ſo uſeful, the ſooner, and the more compleatly, it would be finiſhed. If the ſcheme of that ingenious gentleman ſhould exactly correſpond with mine, much weight will be added to my propoſal; but, if they ſhould differ in a few particulars, the impartial and infallible publick may take their choice.

I ſhall

I ſhall not here follow the example of our modern reformers, civil and eccleſiaſtical, in pulling down without rebuilding, complaining without redreſſing, and oppoſing without propoſing; but ſhall offer a plain and ſimple ſcheme, which I am ſure will be effectual, and hope will be unexceptionable to men of all parties, connexions, and denominations; as it cannot fail to promote all their intereſts, as well as that of the publick.

Before I preſumed to preſcribe, I thought it right to inveſtigate the cauſe of the diſeaſe; and therefore have diligently enquired whether our preſent diſſentions have ariſen, as formerly, from any differences of opinions, or any contradictory articles in our political creeds; but, on the ſtricteſt examination, I can find no ſuch differences to exiſt: parties I ſee many, but cannot diſcern one principle amongſt them; they are neither Whigs nor Tories, Monarchy-men nor Republicans, High-church nor Low-church, Hanoverians nor Jacobites: they have all acted alternately on all theſe principles, as they have ſerved a preſent occaſion; but have adhered to none of them, nor even pretended to profeſs them: they have all been ready to ſupport government, whenever they have enjoyed the adminiſtration of it; and almoſt all as ready to ſubvert it, whenever they were excluded. I ſee few, very few, who have formed the moſt diſtant intentions

of

of deſtroying the government, or changing the conſtitution of this country; but, I am afraid, I ſee as few, who ſcruple to plunge them both into the moſt imminent danger, rather than be ſtopped in the wild career of their headlong ambition: from whence it appears to me plainly demonſtrable, that all our preſent diſſentions are nothing more than an outrageous conteſt for power and profit, there being no other cauſe from whence they can poſſibly be derived. He, therefore, who can point out a method to put an end to this conteſt, need inquire no farther; the work is done, and a cordial and laſting coalition will immediately enſue.

In order to qualify myſelf for this taſk, and forming ſuch a coalition, I have endeavoured to recollect all the means, which have hitherto been offered, in writing or converſation, for this purpoſe; and I cannot remember one, that contained any thing more than this ſhort propoſal—to diſmiſs all at that time in adminiſtration, and to admit the propoſer and his friends into their places—which he always calls a coalition, and recommends as the only method to reſtore concord to a nation, which he fails not to repreſent as much out of humour as himſelf. Although this plan may probably be perfectly right, as it has been univerſally adopted by all parties in their turns; yet it has of late been tried with ſo little ſucceſs, that I would by no means have it re-

peated, and therefore it ſhall make no part of my propoſal.

I have likewiſe conſulted ſome of the moſt indigent, thinking them the moſt diſintereſted, patriots, ſtruggling for that liberty and property of which they themſelves enjoy ſo ſmall a ſhare, whoſe ſentiments therefore had great weight with me on this important ſubject: but theſe all unanimouſly agree, that no concord, or coalition, can or ought to take place, until an effectual place-bill and annual parliaments ſhall be eſtabliſhed; that theſe, and theſe alone, can put an end to our diſſentions, by extirpating venality and corruption, and reſtoring to us an independent and honeſt repreſentation. But ſo dull am I of apprehenſion, that the ſalutary effects of theſe regulations do not appear to me quite ſo clear; becauſe, though I know that honeſty will make men independent, yet I do not ſee that independence will make them honeſt, nor that a parliament, if not honeſt, will be the leſs dangerous for being independent: nor can I comprehend, that multiplying corrupt elections will put an end to corruption; nor that the more frequent returns of expenſive conteſts will promote the choice of thoſe who have the leaſt money to ſpend: nor, if ſuch ſhould be choſen, that they would be more independent becauſe they were poorer, and conſequently had more wants to be ſatisfied. All

this

this may be very good logic, but it does not ſtrike very forcibly on my underſtanding; and therefore neither of theſe regulations ſhall be admitted into my ſyſtem.

I ſhall preſcribe no remedies for national diſorders, the effects of which I am not able to anſwer for, which perhaps after a long circuit through every veſſel of the body politick may produce conſequences directly contrary to my intentions; and, inſtead of curing the preſent complaints, render them much worſe, or produce a new diſeaſe, more dangerous and more difficult to conquer: I ſhall rather ſtrike at once at the great root of all political evils, which every one knows is the miniſtry itſelf; and therefore, inſtead of recommending annual parliaments, I ſhall propoſe an annual adminiſtration; in which ſingle regulation my whole ſcheme is comprehended, and which I would have conſtituted in the following manner.

On the firſt day of every ſeſſion of parliament, before any buſineſs ſhould be proceeded on, an urn or box ſhould be placed on the table of each houſe, in which ſhould be depoſited ſmall pieces of paper, inſcribed with the names of all the great offices in the ſtate, houſehold, treaſury, and admiralty, and ſealed up with the greateſt ſecrecy and care; the names of thoſe offices which are uſually appropriated to the members of each houſe being put

into their reſpective boxes. I would then propoſe that a committee of thirty from the peers, and one hundred from the commons, of their moſt conſiderable members, ſhould be choſen by ballot, or the whole be admitted if that ſhould give more ſatisfaction, who ſhould draw out theſe tickets from the urns or boxes, and immediately take poſſeſſion of whatever poſt fortune ſhould thus fling into their hands, and keep it unmoleſted and irremoveable during the next enſuing year, their commiſſions being made out accordingly. As to all inferior places, they ſhould remain in the ſame hands, to prevent any confuſion or interruption in the buſineſs of the publick, until they become vacant by deaths or promotions, and then they ſhould be filled up by the principals in each department for the time being; by which means they will all have equal opportunities of providing for their friends and adherents, who will not then be very numerous, or much wanted, when offices are attainable only by the foregoing method.

This ſcheme neceſſarily puts an end to all conteſts for power and profit, and with them to venality, corruption, and all our political diſeaſes, which are but their unavoidable conſequences: when nothing can be obtained by contention, we ſhall contend no more; peace and harmony will return, and this much-ſought-for coalition immediately be effected.

It

It is alſo, like all other great diſcoveries, ſo ſimple and obvious a remedy, that it is not a little ſurprizing that it ſhould not have been before hit upon by ſome of thoſe numerous ſtate phyſicians who daily ſtudy, and preſcribe to, the national conſtitution.

But, in order the better to explain its operations, and ſhew its ſalutary effects, I ſhall conſider it under the following heads; how it will affect the king, how the adminiſtration, how the oppoſition, and how the nation. And here I beg leave to premiſe, that by theſe I would not be underſtood to mean thoſe only who now fill thoſe ſituations; but all kings, adminiſtrations, and oppoſitions, that do, or ſhall at any time exiſt hereafter.

Firſt, then, as to the king. I am ſenſible that this ſcheme will rob him of one of the choiceſt of his prerogatives, the diſpoſal of all offices of truſt and profit; wiſely, as ſome have thought, placed in his royal hands by the conſtitution for the moſt ſalutary purpoſes; though improperly in the opinion of others, to whoſe ſhare none of them have fallen: therefore I ſhould by no means adviſe, that ſo capital and ſo hazardous an alteration ſhould be made permanent by law, but only tried for a few years, as an experiment, whoſe conſequences cannot be well aſcertained until they become viſible by practice. But, however it may affect the rights of the crown, it will certainly relieve the poſſeſſor

from innumerable trouble; the jewel here taken away is indeed one of its richeſt, yet it is one of the heavieſt loads on the head of the wearer, and cannot fail to convert it into a crown of thorns. It is indeed a prodigious power; but it is a perplexing power, which ſerves only to make the many ſolicitors who muſt be refuſed angry, and the few who are obliged ungrateful: it is indeed a pre-eminence of royalty, but it is a painful pre-eminence; and to relinquiſh it, would be an eſcape from moſt of the diſquietudes which attend that exalted but uneaſy ſituation. Could this be done, a wiſe, a juſt, and virtuous prince would no longer lie under the diſagreeable neceſſity of preferring knaves for their intrigues, profligates for their abilities, and fools for their connexions; nor any more be moleſted with addreſſes, remonſtrances, and petitions; for no excluded party, if my ſcheme was eſtabliſhed, would ever addreſs to remove an adminiſtration, which, like a butterfly, could ſurvive but one ſeaſon; none would remonſtrate againſt grievances, which, by their acquiſition of places, would all be very ſoon redreſſed; nor petition to diſſolve a parliament, which will probably fall ready-made into their own hands in the courſe of a few months.

From miniſters in poſſeſſion only I expect objections; but, if they would conſider how greatly this

ſcheme

ſcheme will contribute to their own eaſe and advantage, objects to which they uſually pay ſome regard, they cannot, I think, refuſe it their concurrence: for, whenever they ſhall be ſo fortunate as by this means to get into power, they will be ſure to keep it for a whole twelvemonth; and not only keep it, but keep it unmoleſted by all oppoſition: for, when power is thus placed in the hands of Fortune, ſhe alone can be blamed for the unſucceſsful efforts of ambition, and the diſappointment of mens own imaginary merit. This will exempt all miniſters from the moſt diſagreeable embarraſſments of their office; they will no longer be obliged to neglect their ſupporters, and promote their adverſaries, nor to reward every one in proportion as they abuſe them; a conduct, which though habit, I know, renders leſs painful than might be imagined; yet muſt ever be inconvenient, becauſe it cannot fail to create new adverſaries, and new abuſes. They will no longer be dependent on the caprice of a miſtreſs or a favourite, nor even on the will of their ſovereign himſelf; nor will they be diſtreſſed, if they ſhould be ſo uncommonly unfortunate as to have to deal with a prince, who has not one vice, attachment, or prejudice, by the indulgence of which he can be either purchaſed or controuled. They will no longer be obliged to court the humours, or ſatisfy the demands, of an

inſatiable parliament; nor reduced to the humiliating neceſſity of frequent applications to recruit the revenues of the civil-liſt, exhauſted by corrupting men to be honeſt, and paying them for that ſupport to government, for which their own intereſt and duty ought to have been ſufficient inducements; and, whenever they are diſplaced by this rotation, they can have no cauſe to be angry, and therefore cannot be tempted to diſgrace themſelves, by enliſting immediately into oppoſition, by unſaying all they have ſaid, undoing all they have done, defeating every meaſure which they had adopted, and ſacrificing their principles and characters to gratify their reſentments. As they will have little to promiſe, and leſs to beſtow, they will be little troubled with thoſe two worſt ſpecies of perſecutors, their friends and their enemies; they will no longer be baited in ſenates, reviled in news-papers, and inſulted in the ſtreets; and both their promiſes and their windows will be leſs frequently broken: in ſhort, they will oftener be able to dine as regularly, to ſleep as quietly, and walk as ſecurely, as the moſt inſignificant man in the kingdom. I ſhall add but one other inducement to prevail on miniſters to agree to my propoſal; an inducement, which perhaps they may think too inconſiderable to be mentioned; which is this, that by it they will be placed in a ſituation, in which they may be capable of doing

doing ſome ſervice to their country; in which they may enjoy leiſure and quiet, ſufficient to enable them to form and execute ſome plans for the regulation of our police, the re-eſtabliſhment of our government, and payment of our debts; all which, in their preſent ſtate of being pilloried and pelted, are utterly impracticable. If there ſhould be any in adminiſtration, who are ſkilled in, or fond of play, their patronage I may ſurely depend on, as my ſcheme will afford them a new and entertaining game, in which Fortune will be the diſpoſer of all good things; a lady, with whom they have had ſo long an intimacy, and with whom they may be preſumed to have no inconſiderable intereſt.

To the Oppoſition, I think, few arguments need be uſed, to perſuade them to ſupport a ſcheme ſo manifeſtly calculated for their advantage; which will immediately extricate them from a laborious and unprofitable ſituation, and give them an equal chance with others of acquiring the moſt honourable and profitable offices in the ſtate, of which at preſent they ſeem to have no chance at all. Whenever they ſhall be ſo lucky as to be elected by this means into power, they will then enjoy all the benefits which I have juſt now enumerated, in the ſituation of miniſters; and whenever they ſhall be unfortunately excluded, their condition even then will be much preferable to their preſent: for they will

will be delivered from the troubleſome and barren occupation of fruitleſs oppoſition, which will then exiſt no more: they will therefore no longer be obliged to toil and ſweat, whole days and nights, in ſupporting queſtions which they diſapprove, and motions which they neither expect nor wiſh to carry; they will no more be obliged to expend their own fortunes, in forming clubs, cementing factions, fomenting tumults, and purchaſing petitions, on the bare poſſibility of being ſome time or other reimburſed by the publick. They will no longer be compelled to deceive the people, whoſe intereſts they regard; to debaſe the character, and abandon the privileges, of both houſes of parliament, of which they are members; or to inſult the ſovereign, whom they love and honour, and whoſe favour is their principal purſuit; nor, if all theſe ſhould fail, to call in a patriotic plague, famine, or war, to their aſſiſtance: this conduct, I know, is ſtrictly juſtifiable, from neceſſity, and fidelity to connections, and warranted by precedents innumerable and immemorial; but yet, on reflexion, muſt certainly be diſagreeable to honeſt and ingenuous minds. Beſides an exemption from theſe Herculean labours, they will acquire, even during their excluſion, no inconſiderable pecuniary advantage; for the reverſionary chance of a lucrative place in the choice of next year will fetch no contemptible

ſum

ſum in the preſent; and I doubt not, as ſoon as my ſcheme ſhall be eſtabliſhed, will be as exactly calculated, and as readily done at Jonathan's, as a Lottery Ticket, or Bank or India Stock, for the opening.

Let us now ſee how this my ſcheme will affect the nation. And here I diſcern a moſt agreeable proſpect; for I ſee an end to all parliamentary conteſts, the offspring of ſelf-intereſt, and parent of corruption; and with it an end to all thoſe factions and diſcontents, thoſe miſconducts and misfortunes, which have divided and diſtreſſed this country for above half a century:

"Hâc fonte derivata clades
"In patriam populumque fluxit."

From this impure ſource they have all proceeded; from this has every calamity iſſued, that has overflowed the land: it was this that produced a Spaniſh war in the year 1739; which produced a French war; which, after a ſhort peace, produced another French, another Spaniſh, a German, and American war: theſe produced a national debt of one hundred and fifty millions, with innumerable and never-ceaſing taxes to defray their intereſt; theſe have produced loans, jobbs, contracts, and all manner of plunder; theſe have produced private riches and public poverty, which have produced high price of proviſions, dearneſs of labour, complaints

plaints of manufacturers, luxury and idleneſs, riots and tumults, with all thoſe numerous grievances, which the nation really feels, or fancies that ſhe feels, from her preſent nervous diſpoſition.

All theſe, I queſtion not, will be prevented in future by my propoſal; to which I have never heard any objections, except the two following, which I ſhall endeavour to anſwer.

Firſt, that theſe annual changes in adminiſtration will occaſion ſuch continual changes in meaſures, that no ſyſtem, foreign or domeſtic, could be purſued with ſteadineſs and effect. To this I reply, that, under the preſent mode of government, this muſt certainly be the conſequence of ſuch frequent changes; but, under the regulations of my ſcheme, they will have no ſuch operations; becauſe the new miniſtry, being introduced without conteſt, will be under no neceſſity of counteracting every meaſure which had been adopted by the old: they will not be mortgaged to old connexions and old animoſities, nor embarraſſed by old principles and old profeſſions; and therefore they will not be obliged in honour to involve the nation in a war, becauſe the laſt miniſtry had concluded a peace; nor to relinquiſh taxes of which they might avail themſelves, becauſe they had formerly voted againſt them; nor to wink at libels, and indulge riots, becauſe they had once been uſeful; nor to ruin themſelves

ſelves by the ſame arts by which they had ruined their predeceſſors, to prove the conſiſtency of their conduct. This rotation of miniſters will therefore be ſo far from changing ſyſtems, that it will contribute very much to continue them: for, if any one adminiſtration ſhould happen to fix upon any one ſyſtem, the reſt, having no inducement to alter it, will probably purſue it in preference to the trouble of finding out another. But, if the worſt ſhould happen, and no ſyſtem at all be purſued, the nation perhaps might not ſuffer ſo much as may be imagined: for what ſyſtem can we remember to have been ever ſtrictly adhered to in this country, except this—that oppoſition ſhould do miſchief, and miniſters embarraſſed by a perpetual warfare do nothing? And yet under this we have conſtantly gone on, improving in wealth, trade, liberty, power, and proſperity, to this hour.

The other is, that, if all oppoſition is by this ſcheme put an end to, there will remain no check upon evil miniſters, and the people will be left a defenceleſs prey to their tyranny and rapacity. This, indeed, is a formidable objection; and ſo tenacious am I of the liberties of the people, and ſo jealous of the encroachments of miniſterial power, that, if I thought my propoſal would be attended with conſequences ſo fatal, I would inſtantly abandon it, in ſpite of all the parental fondneſs

neſs of a projector. But of this I cannot entertain the leaſt apprehenſions; for, although it will deſtroy all oppoſition in parliament, where it is ſeldom honeſt, and always hurtful; yet it will leave it in full vigour amongſt the people, where it is often honeſt, and ſeldom injurious to the publick: enough of it will remain in the hearts and mouths of common-council-men, liverymen, and freeholders, to watch over the conduct of miniſters; here is its native ſoil, and here it ought always to be cultivated: but, whenever it takes root amongſt the great, whenever it ſhoots up into courts, councils, and ſenates, it ſoon degenerates into ſelfiſh and angry factions, who, under a pretended zeal for the welfare of the publick, are contending only who ſhall firſt ſacrifice it to the mean ends of private ambition or avarice: for true Engliſh oppoſition to government is like that reſpectable animal the true Engliſh maſtiff, who, when permitted to prowl and roar about the yards and out-houſes, is a faithful, honeſt, and intrepid guardian; but, if admitted into the drawing-room, becomes a very offenſive and a very dangerous viſitor.

And here, by the bye, I cannot but applaud the honeſt ſagacity of that honourable ſociety, the Supporters of the Bill of Rights, who have declared eternal war with all great men, eſteeming them dangerous coadjutors in the cauſe of liberty, and wiſely

concluding, that it is impoſſible that perſons poſſeſſed of exalted titles, vaſt property, and extenſive power, ſhould ever be in earneſt, in endeavouring to deſtroy their own ſuperiority, and the ſubordination of others.

Much more might be urged in favour of my ſcheme; but I ſhall leave it to its own apparent merits for ſucceſs, and ſhall now conclude with this ſingle caution to my readers, not to imagine that there is any thing in the foregoing pages in the leaſt degree ludicrous; a caution which I think not altogether unneceſſary, from frequently obſerving, that plain truths, conciſely expreſſed, and brought home to mens minds, are apt to ſtrike on the very ſame chords in the human brain, which are peculiarly appropriated to wit and humour, and are therefore often miſtaken for them: for which reaſon, I forewarn all, who ſhall peruſe this ſhort eſſay, againſt falling into this common error; and aſſure them, that, in theſe conſiderations on this ſerious ſubject, not any wit, nor any humour except good-humour, is, or was ever intended to be, admitted; nor is the leaſt reflexion deſigned on the conduct of any man, or ſet of men, whatever: my ſcheme is ſolely founded on conjecture, ariſing from the known principles of human nature, which concludes that men will act in ſuch a manner, in ſuch circumſtances, and ſuch ſituations. It is not here

here aſſerted that any have ſo acted in ſuch ſituations; but only ſuppoſed, that the generality of mankind eternally will.

THE

THE ART

OF

DRESSING THE HAIR:

A POEM.

Humbly inſcribed to the MEMBERS of the T. N. CLUB.

By E. P. Philocoſm.

And Late HAIR-DRESSER to the ſaid SOCIETY.

From thirſt of Fame what various actions ſpring!
Heroes are rous'd to fight, and Bards to ſing;
While gentle Beaux the crouded front-box grace,
And ſhine the firſt in powder, as in place.

Firſt printed in the year 1770.

To **** *****, Eſq;

SECRETARY to the SOCIETY of MACARONI, and HONORARY MEMBER of the T. N. CLUB.

SIR,

NO Patron ever read an Epiſtle Dedicatory, but he found himſelf complimented in it with all the virtues and qualifications which the Hero of the Poem that ſolicits his protection is celebrated for: and this kind of panegyric is become ſo common among writers, that they flatter, as it were, by privilege, in the ſame manner as travellers are permitted to lye by authority. Poets, indeed, have through all ages dealt largely in fiction; and their moſt pleaſing compliments have generally been made at the expence of their veracity.

The world, therefore, I fear, will not readily believe that I have made choice of a Patron, who has not only put in practice the rules which are delivered in the following Poem, but who ſaw thoſe very precepts gathered from his daily conduct, and reduced into a ſyſtem under his own inſpection.

DRESS, Sir, is your darling excellence; and I ſhould exceed the limits of a Dedication, nay, ſhould even put your modeſty to the bluſh, were I

to reckon up the many improvements which you have made in it. To you we are indebted for the low-quartered ſhoe, the diminutive buckle, and the clocked ſtocking; elegances which no *petit-maitre* has yet refined upon, by venturing to introduce, as you long have wiſhed, red heels, gold clocks, and a hat and feather.

But, while I am mentioning the obligations which the publick lies under to you, I muſt not forget my own. You ſuggeſted to me, Sir, the firſt hints which gave riſe to the following lines; and pointed out the utility of ſuch Didactic Poems, by enumerating many excellent performances of this kind, both ancient and modern.

If the Romans had their *Art of Love*, and *Art of Poetry*; we have *the Art of Cookery*, *the Art of walking the Streets*, *the Art of Dancing*, *the Art of Preaching*, *the Art of living in London*, *the Art of Shooting Flying*, and—*the Art of Dreſſing the Hair*.

Should my verſes eſcape being twiſted into *papillotes*, or thrown-by to periſh in oblivion; to you, Sir, and your protection, it will be owing, if poſterity ſhould ever become acquainted with the name of, SIR,

Your moſt grateful

Tueſday Night, and obedient humble ſervant,

May 8, 1770. E. P.

THE

THE

ART of Dreſſing the HAIR.

WITH various art the tortur'd curls to place,
Confirm their ſtructure, and diſpoſe with grace;
The puff to manage with exacteſt care,
And pour the ſnow-white ſhower on every hair,
I teach: embolden'd by the Muſes' aid
To leave the ſhaving for the tuneful trade.
Oh, Phœbus! patron of the ſons of ſong,
God of the quacking and the fiddling throng;
Let my low ſhop be with thy preſence bleſt,
And all thy raptures ſtruggle in my breaſt!
What though untaught by art thy ringlets twine,
No engines ſcorch, or *papillotes* confine;
What though, unſhorn, the honours of thy head
In wild luxuriance down thy ſhoulders ſpread,
Nor bag hath dar'd encloſe, or ribbon tye,
Nor borrow'd locks their friendly help ſupply;
What though no briſtles thy ſmooth chin conceal,
But down eternal, innocent of ſteel;
Let not in vain an honeſt barber ſue,
Though ne'er the labours of his hand you knew;

But, like my razor, make my lines appear
Smooth, though not dull; and ſharp, though not ſevere.
And ſince theſe hands, on many an empty pate
Ne'er form'd by nature for diſpenſing fate,
Oft have been taught the mighty buſh to lay,
Which gave the bearer privilege to ſlay;
Who without learning had obtain'd degrees,
By ſtealing *theſes*, and by paying fees:
Teach me what unguents will the loſs repair,
When falling treſſes leave the temples bare;
What ſtyptic juices will aſſiſtance lend,
Relax'd and weaken'd if the curls depend.
Nor ye, grave mortals, too ſevere and ſage
For the light follies of this ſportive age,
Frown, that I ſo much tenderneſs expreſs
For outward poliſh, and the arts of dreſs.
Not he that thinks all night, and plods all day,
Will captivate the fair, or pleaſe the gay;
Not letters, your abſurd pedantic plan—
Dreſs and the barber's art compleat the man.
Oft have I known a youth, whoſe leaden ſkull
His tutors curs'd, impenetrably dull;
Who toil'd from claſs to claſs with labour ſore,
Some little learning got, but flogging more;
Yet by my care into perfection grow,
And, though no ſcholar, prove a charming beau.

When

When Romulus his firſt Ephemeris made,
And raſhly ſet up the ſtar-gazing trade;
Incautious venturing from his proper ſphere,
He call'd ten months the circle of the year:
Not born mankind to poliſh, but ſubdue,
Much more of arms than almanacks he knew.
Thus our good old fore-fathers might excel
In arts of fight, but not of dreſſing well:
For they to ſhining balls the camp preferr'd,
Nor e'er of powder and pomatum heard,
Of ſilken ſuits, or *nivernois* genteel;
But made their coats of buff, their caps of ſteel.
In Cromwell's days, the ſaint-like babes of grace
With flowing ringlets hid their awful face;
Long perriwigs in Charles's reign they wore,
And art ſupplied what nature gave before.
When Anna rul'd, and Khevenhullar fought,
The hat its title from the Hero caught;
Nor ev'n Ramillia's field its name denied
To braided locks with plaited ribbon tied.
Yet not the graceful treſſes to compoſe
In maſſy curls, or long-extended rows,
Was theirs: aſcending but by ſlow degrees,
From uncomb'd fore-tops to well-dreſs'd toupees.
Fate for this happy age reſerv'd alone,
To add the French refinements to our own,
And from all other climes the palm to bear,
If not in wiſdom, yet in curling hair.

Ye ſons of dreſs, who all its labours know,
For whom my puffs are fill'd, my engines glow!
Ye gentler youths, undiſciplin'd in vice,
New to the rage of play and deſperate dice!
To theſe ſhort precepts of the Muſe attend,
Approve the poet, and believe the friend.

In ſcorn ſee gloomy Harpax roll his eyes
On paltry hundreds, as too mean a prize:
When, doubling every ſtake, each laviſh heir
Draws a freſh ſource of courage from deſpair,
He, like Drawcanſir, ruſhes on the foe,
And beggars ten *ſuperiors* at a throw.
Blaſpheming Verres damns his empty purſe;
Ev'n ſoft Narciſſus liſps out half a curſe.

If in Volpone a thouſand arts you trace
Beyond the native cunning of his race;
Muſt you not ſay, though ſtudious to admire;
Great is the Son, but greater ſtill the Sire!
This, boldly ſoaring in a dangerous ſphere,
Plunder'd a nation; *that* but ſtrips a peer.

Such your aſſociates: ſhall this gloomy train
The ſprightlier ſallies of your ſoul reſtrain?
Shall thoſe ſoft hands the noiſy dice-box ſhake?
Thoſe brilliant eyes with midnight watchings ake?
Fly, ere too late you curſe the treacherous toil,
And execrate the day you open'd Hoyle.

'Scap'd like a bird that from the fowler's ſnare
Springs forth exulting to the fields of air;

The gentle Florio ſmooths his ruffled plumes,
And all the dignity of dreſs reſumes.
What hopes, what raptures, in his boſom glow,
As thus he greets the Circé of Soho!
" Sweet ſorcereſs! whoſe powerful chains enſlave
" Wiſe men and fools, the coward and the brave:
" Within thy magic walls, the frozen prude
" Feels her cold blood unchill'd, her fears ſub-
" dued;
" And wanton dames, who, to the nuptial bed,
" Reluctant, by ſome mitred prelate led,
" Long were ſad victims to his ghoſtly care,
" Condemn'd to ſtated faſts and days of prayer,
" Far different here the midnight hours employ,
" And melt in viſions of unholy joy.
" Believe me when I ſwear; by this *bouquet*,
" Where flowers unnumber'd their fair heads diſ-
" play,
" Which never more ſhall drink the morning dew,
" Cut from the parent ſtalk where once they
" grew;
" Thy charms alone compel me to forego
" Th' inchanting dice, the yet-untouch'd *rouleau*;
" And, ſuppliant thus, implore thy generous aid
" For one voluptuous night in MASQUERADE."
He ſpake: her ready wand th' enchantreſs waves,
Proud of his vows, and ſummons all her ſlaves.

In

In lucid cryſtal flows the ſparkling wine,
Fruit of the Gallic or Iberian vine;
Soft thrilling melody diſſolves the ſoul,
And round in clouds Sabæan odours roll.
In-ruſh the motley throng; of ſhape and hue,
Strange as e'er fancy form'd, or pencil drew:
Quakers that ne'er of inward light had heard,
Fryars unſhorn, and Jews without a beard;
Nuns, with no title to the ſacred name
But what their hopes of abſolution claim;
Pert Muſſulmen that ne'er the Koran read,
Spaniards all life, and Harlequins all lead.
Fame, on St. Paul's who took her awful ſtand,
Sent the loud tale in thunder through the land.
White's ſullen offspring heard the piercing ſound,
And dropp'd their cards in terror on the ground:
The Dilettanti trembled as it flew,
Turn'd pale with envy, and blaſphem'd *vertù*.
If future beaux ſhall in th' hiſtoric page
Retrace thoſe æras of domeſtic rage;
When noiſy Taycho fir'd the gaping rout,
Defied the axe, the tower, and the gout;
Now by mad factions was in triumph drawn,
Now flatter'd by *proteſting ſaints in lawn*;
When many a Judas, for the part as fit,
As that arch-traitor known in holy Writ,
A monarch's hand with humble kiſſes preſt,
Yet aim'd their ſecret daggers at his breaſt:

Say ſhall not Florio's name, in ſpotleſs white,
Gild the dark annals with a gleam of light?
And oh, diſtinguiſh'd youths! if thus ye tread
The paths of fame, by ſuch examples led;
While round your couch the power of ſlumber ſtrews
His drowſy poppies, dropping balmy dews,
Thoſe guardian Sylphs which o'er the night preſide,
To brighter viſions ſhall your fancy guide;
Oft your invention with new modes ſupply,
The ruffle's pattern, or the ſword-knot's dye.
May no grim dæmon of the ſooty throng,
With horrid clamour of his matin ſong,
The ſweet inchantment of your ſlumber break;
Nor watchman's yell, nor milkmaid's piercing ſhriek!
Your ears may no rude clink of hammers wound,
No rattling coaches o'er the pavement ſound,
No horrid ſpectres vex your ſoft repoſe,
With dreams of bets unpaid, and loſt *rouleaus!*
Soon as ye wake, the pleaſing toil renew,
And the great buſineſs of your life purſue.
Let gloomy pedants, till their eyes are ſore,
Hunt all the rubbiſh of paſt ages o'er;
Let the dull train their midnight lamp ſuſpend,
And with pale cheeks o'er muſty legends bend:
But no ſuch rude convulſion to ſuſtain,
Hath Nature's hand compos'd your tender brain;

She the ſoft maſs of ſubtileſt fabrick wrought,
And ſpun the nerves too delicate for thought.
Your roſy youth ſhall learning's canker blight,
Or ſtudious vigils dim your aching ſight?
For you their hoarded grain contractors ſpare;
And ſtarve the poor, to beautify your hair.
In Zembla's joyleſs clime, where froſt ſevere,
And darkneſs, ſhares the mutilated year,
For you, through deſarts of eternal ſnow,
Intrepid hunters track their ſhaggy foe.
Oh, if ſome nymph of Drury's artful race
Should tempt you thoughtleſs to her lewd embrace,
While in her blood the dire infection reigns,
And more than luſt inflames her throbbing veins;
Should the foul poiſon upward force its way,
Taint your young bones, and on your marrow prey;
Unbated its corroſive influence ſpread,
And ſhake the treſſes from your drooping head:
How will your ſongs the victor's force proclaim,
Who launch'd the javelin with unerring aim;
Saw the rough ſavage panting on the ground,
And tore his entrails from the reeking wound;
Then from the caul bade his aſſociates part
The choiceſt fat, and treaſure up with art!
On your bare temples ſhed the copious ſtore,
Till the rich unction gluts each thirſty pore:
And ſoon th' effuſion of that magic dew
Shall the loſt honours of your head renew,

As gentle ſhowers the fertile ſoil pervade,
Swell the unfolding ſeed, and infant blade.
Ere Nature can her wonted ſtrength regain,
Worn out in ſtruggles with diſeaſe and pain;
Like withering plants beneath inclement ſkies,
Weak and diſtemper'd the young ſhoots will riſe.
Yet *myrrh*, ſweet bleeding from the wounded rind,
Shall cloſe their texture, and the fibres bind:
Obedient ſhall each tortile ringlet feel
The glowing preſſure of coercive ſteel;
Rang'd by the comb, its laſting form retain,
While fogs deſcend, and tempeſts rage, in vain.
See the Friſſeur diſcloſe his ample ſtore,
And all his implements of toil explore!
The various *comb* to various cares applied,
Now to compoſe the ringlets, now divide;
Pomatum with undying odours fraught,
Wool from Siluria's ſable fleeces brought;
The glowing *forceps*, the confining *pins*,
With ſkill he ranges, and the work begins.
While his quick hand inweaves the criſped hair,
A *mirror* in your ſnow-white fingers bear;
From curl to curl the happy progreſs trace,
Exhauſt his art, and labour every grace.
Let pointed wires each waving hair reſtrain,
When eddying whirlwinds ſweep the duſty plain.

Hapleſs

Hapleſs that youth, who, when the tempeſt flies,
Unarm'd each ruſhing hurricane defies!
In vain on barbers or on gods he calls,
The ringlets yield, the beauteous ſtructure falls.
Nor leſs, when ſoft-deſcending ſhowers prevail,
Dread the moiſt influence of the Southern gale:
Oft will its tepid breath the curls unbend,
While dropping dews from every ſpire depend.
Yours be the care to watch, with cautious eye,
When threatening clouds portend a tempeſt nigh.
Mark the papilio-race; the little elves,
As gay, as ſoft, as ſilken as yourſelves,
To vernal ſuns their painted wings unfold,
But ſhun the driving blaſt and wintery cold.

When ſtern November, ſullen, dark, and drear,
Loads with thick fogs the ſlow-revolving year;
When, drench'd in rain, the moiſten'd fields betray,
Too ſure, the footſteps of the trembling prey:
Let fearleſs hunters chear the opening hound,
Vault o'er the deep-ſunk trench, or riſing mound;
Now thunder headlong down the mountain's ſide,
Now plunge impetuous in the roaring tide.
Leave toils like theſe to ſome Herculean race,
Nor try the ſavage pleaſures of the chace,
When dogs and men unite in deafening cry,
To the loud ſhout while heaven and earth reply;
You'll wiſh to check the maddening ſteed in vain,
And preſs too late the unavailing rein.

Your gentle limbs on downy ſofas throw,
And bid ſecure each happy moment flow,
Not unimprov'd: in ſecret conclave mix;
The laws of dreſs, the change of faſhions fix.
If ponderous *clubs* ſhall from behind depend,
Or *queues* in formidable length deſcend;
If high the double curl ſhall riſe in air,
Shoot up aloft, and leave the temples bare;
Or, in one circle of extenſive fold,
Belles ſhall admire your graceful treſſes roll'd.
Exert your eloquence, diſplay your taſte,
In praiſe of *waſh-balls*, or of *almond paſte:*
What *dentifrice* a laſting white beſtows,
What healing *lip-ſalve* emulates the roſe.
If, 'midſt theſe ſolemn ſubjects of debate,
In critic-ſcale you weigh the Muſe's fate;
The trembling culprit from oblivion ſave,
Spare her, and prove as merciful as brave.
So may no chance the latent wires diſcloſe,
Or your falſe locks to tittering belles expoſe!
So may your treſſes the attack ſuſtain
Of ruffling tempeſts, or of moiſtening rain;
And every curl in laſting order ſtand,
Unmov'd, and faithful to the artiſt's hand!

ORIGINES DIVISIANÆ:

OR

THE ANTIQUITIES

OF

THE DEVIZES.

In ſome Familiar Letters to a Friend:

Written in the Years 1750 and 1751.

By Dr. DAVIES.

——— Αρχαιοισι φιλεχθεως ενεστι.

Firſt printed in 1754.

CONTETS.

LETTER I.

A Preamble of a School-boy—A Peep at a Town and a Caſtle—A Doubt whether it be Britiſh, Roman, or Saxon—Julius Caeſar knew nothing of it, that's poz—Muſgrave miſtaken, Stukeley miſtaken, every body miſtaken but the Author—Monks were good Scholars—Roman Coins and Penates found here—Why they were hid—Mr. Wiſe hinted to be *other-wiſe*.

LETTER II.

A Speech of an old Woman on Ruins—Roger Poor, Biſhop of Saliſbury, ſuddenly metamorphozed into poor Roger—King Stephen a Pretender—Alexander Biſhop of Lincoln a Son of a Whore—Henry Blois Biſhop of Wincheſter an Eccleſiaſtical Bully—His Brother King Stephen a Pickpocket.

LETTER III.

Fitzhubert an errant Free-thinker—Died in his Shoes—The Caſtle not heard of for 100 Years,

being hid all that time in a Miſt—A Pauſe in the Narration, for a muzzy Deſcription—A long tedious Story about Hubert de Burgo Lord Chancellor—How he had like to have been kidnapped, and how he conjured himſelf through a Key-hole into a Monaſtery—Henry the Third out at Elbows—Account of a Trap-door near the High Altar in Merton Priory, very convenient for Prime Miniſters in the Suds—A Diſpute between Captain Geoffry Crancomb and an honeſt ſturdy anonymous Blackſmith—Henry the Third not quite ſo bold a Pickpocket as King Stephen—Hubert had nothing to live upon, but Bread, Water, and his Beads; for he would not eat his *own words*.—Peter de Rupibus Biſhop of Wincheſter had a Heart as hard as a *Stone*—Robert Biſhop of Saliſbury ſent ſome Conſtables to the Devil—Hubert conveyed miraculouſly to Wales, and never heard-of after.

LETTER IV.

A Pair of new-faſhioned Spectacles recommended to all antiquaries—Camden an old-faſhioned, wary, preciſe, Antiquary—A Liſt of ſome ancient Headboroughs—A Deſcription of a fine Place of Ruins—Digreſſions, of Uſe to Authors and Booksellers—Caſtles die of Conſumptions—The moſt antique Pair of Scales, ever known, tried—Stukeley almoſt loſt, in a Roman Ditch of his own making.

LET-

LETTER V.

A true Account of the Metamorphoſis of a Country Town, without an Earthquake—Cautions againſt encouraging the French—Survey of ſome of the Royal Demeſnes, with Hints that may ſerve towards a Hiſtory of Land-taxes.

LETTER VI.

A Relation of a Back-ſword Match between the Livery-men of one that *was*, and another that *would be*, a King, in which there were above 1800 broken Hearts and Heads—of a Game at Foot-ball, which the Corniſh Men kicked from Round-way Hill to Briſtol—A Diſſertation on Pocket Gods—Reaſons why the Romans hid theirs—ſome Gods, yet undiſpoſed-of, to be ſold as cheap as old Iron; very proper for many Gentlemens Families that have never a one.

LETTER VII.

An Account of a rare Genius, a natural Antiquary—Directions how to find Antiquities that have been loſt for 2000 Years—and how to write about them and about them—Whether The Devizes was a Roman town in earneſt, whether it was a large or a little one—A Hint about Inventors

of Crockery Ware—Stukeley a Coloſſus of antique Erudition—Of Punctuobice, a Town that cannot be found in any Part of the King's Dominions—Of Ravennas a Highway-man, a Hue and Cry after him—Origin of Poſt-chaiſes antient—Account of Roman Poſt-boys, from an old MS.—A tragical Execution, with the Dying-ſpeech of a Criminal, ſpoken by a Friend.

LETTER VIII.

An irrecoverable Diſeaſe, with the melancholy Death of William Baxter the Linguiſt—A ſhort Rhapſody on the immenſe Uſe of Etymological Erudition—A Converſation-piece in Caricature.

LETTER IX.

An infallible Receipt to make a Diſeaſe, neceſſary to be peruſed by the College of Phyſicians—Mr. Francis Wiſe's old White Horſe advertiſed to be ſold—A critical Obſervation on the important word *Electarium*—Anecdotes and an Owlogy—A Pharmaceutical one, with Compliments to the Company of Apothecaries—An Admiration at the laſt Diſpenſary.

LETTER I.

DEAR SIR,

THERE is a particular fondneſs in all mankind, that I have yet met with, for the places of their nativity. Whether this preference be woven in our conſtitutions, or is the effect of education, cannot certainly be determined. Other incidents may fall-in; connexions with relations or friends, particular intereſts, or the pleaſing remembrance of the innocent amuſements and diverſions of childhood, may have their ſhare in forming it. I am not therefore ſurprized at your affection for The Devizes, nor at the conſtant inquiries you are making among your Friends concerning its Antiquities. This paſſion Virgil ſeems to have felt in a natural manner, when he makes his Shepherd complain ſo feelingly,

"Nos dulcia linquimus arva:"

And when the courſe of the Georgick brings him in ſight of his Mantua, he laments its ruin in the following paſſionate line,

"Et qualem infelix amiſit Mantua campum."

To gratify this deſire of yours, I have catched at

every thing relating to the town, which casually offered itself in the progress of my studies; and, if any particulars occurred, I thought myself possessed of a valuable acquisition, because it would give you pleasure. The few that have come to my knowledge, I communicate to you.

They who are but moderately acquainted with the study of the early English antiquities must soon have been convinced, that they are engaged in a dry and uncomfortable task, and obliged to plunge through many difficulties, and puzzle through a variety of perplexities; the originals of facts lying confused and involved, and are to be found out only, like rattle-snakes, by their tails. Here truth is as closely blended with error, as lights and shades in painting; it being very difficult even to a discerning eye to determine in a well-executed picture where the shade ends, or the light begins. The monuments, which the Romans left behind them in Britain, are greatly disfigured and changed by the barbarity of the succeeding conquerors; they left no traces of arts or sciences behind them, and indeed nothing but what is now become valuable ruins. These, though they have greatly advanced the prices of estates, yet have embarrassed the English antiquary. His curiosity however is not to be censured, for making attempts toward explaining them, if his views are but properly regulated.

Would

Would the writers upon theſe ſubjects permit modeſty and reaſon now and then to ſtep into their minds, they would reſtrain their looſe imaginations, and keep within the bounds of uſeful and beneficial knowledge. Their readers too would be freed from peruſing long and lifeleſs books, made up chiefly of fanciful ſuppoſitions, inſtead of well-grounded facts; which has been too much the caſe in the point before you.

The later authors who mention this town are deſirous of giving it an early original. I will acquaint you with their ſentiments, and leave them to your own deciſion, as well as the curſory remarks that lie intermixed. Some would have this town Britiſh, ſome Roman, and others Saxon. They, who contend for its being Britiſh aſſert Dunwallo to have been its founder, or Diviſus. The firſt opinion has had the ill-fortune to be ſupported, neither by facts, nor even by probabilities. Doctor Stukeley is a kind of a ſort of a patron of the laſt. Though in his Itinerarium Curioſum * he earneſtly contends for this town being the ſame with the *Punctuobice* of an Anonymous Writer of Ravennas, and by this gives it the honour of a Roman ſtructure; yet, in his Stonehenge †, he is in ſome diſtreſs to determine, whether it might not have been built by

* P. 136, 137. † P. 48.

an

an old British King Divisus, whom he himself christened Divitiacus. These curious suggestions will by and by require an attentive consideration, when your Friend has nothing else to do.

I know of no authority relating to the British affairs, that go farther back than the account delivered by Julius Cæsar: and the succeeding Classical Authors themselves assure us, that he knew little more than their out-lines *. The subsequent writers are too general to be proper evidences for the Doctor. I never heard of any ancient books remaining of the Britons; they are all lost, if they ever subsisted. The language only remains; and the recondite Antiquary founds facts of history upon the radix's of this, as the mysterious Hutchinsonian builds systems of philosophy upon Hebrew ones. These etymologies have furnished out great attempts for wonderful discoveries, the words having been

* Horace calls in his time the Briton "intactus," Lucan says the Romans

"Territa quaesitis ostendunt terga Britannis."

Propertius, in his compliment to Augustus, adds,

"Te manet invictus Romano marte Britannus."

Tacitus is very precise in his evidence when he says of Julius Cæsar, "illum Britannium tantum ostendisse "non tradidisse Romanis"—And Strabo says, Δὶς δὲ διέβη Καῖσαρ εἰς τὴν νῆσον ὁ θεός· ἐπανῆλθε δὲ διὰ ταχέων οὐδὲν μέγα διαπραξάμενος, οὐδὲ προελθὼν ἐπὶ πολὺ τῆς νήσου, κ. τ. λ. Edit. Amstel. 1707. p. 306.

tortured

tortured and woven into a delicate contexture of ſlimſy probabilities *.

Dr. Muſgrave thinks it a Roman town, but its ancient name loſt †. He has produced ſome grounds for his conjecture from the many Roman antiquities found in its neighbourhood. I wonder that the Antiquaries have not availed themſelves of the advantages that ariſe from its name: from hence might ſtart a pregnant hint for a viſionary in Antiquities. The word Devizes is very near the Latin Diviſæ. This looks ſomething like a Roman word; and indeed, could the word be traced clearly back to the Roman times, it would be a reaſonable proof of the place itſelf being a Roman work. The Romans left Britain about the year CCCCLXXVI; the Saxons and Danes kept poſſeſſion till MLXVI; barbarous and ignorant nations, who extirpated the people, and almoſt the language, of Rome. The monks however preſerved ſome relicks of the the tongue out of this general devaſtation. William of Malmeſbury, the moſt accurate and

* The uncommon advantages of Etymological knowledge you will find very handſomely handled by a Friend of mine in his ingenious treatiſe on Barley Wine; who is a merry Greek, and ſenſible even when Carotic or Carybaric: and indeed always, but when he is delicate, V. Οινος Κριθινος, p. 23. and a diſſertation upon *Cloſe-ſtools*.

† Belg. Britan. i. 124.

ſenſible

ſenſible writer of all the Monkiſh hiſtorians, has retained ſome Roman names of towns; among others, he calls the Biſhop of Lincoln, Epiſcopus Lind-colnienſis *, that is, Lindi coloniæ. This writer all along calls this town Diviſæ. But Roger Hoveden under the years MLXIII and MLXXII, and Dugdale's Monaſticon, uſe this word for boundaries †; and the ancient lawyers, as Bracton ‡ and Fleta §. Whether theſe intimations are credible, or what theſe boundaries meant, the Author will not take upon him to determine.

It is by no means probable that this town was a Saxon building in the time of Alfred, as the annotator on his life is reported to have advanced; for the name would then have had ſome Saxon termination, which no one has yet ventured to aſſert. Nor can it be allowed to have had its name from a diviſion of lands between King Stephen and Roger Biſhop of Saliſbury; becauſe the grant of theſe lands was made to Roger, before Stephen was King; and no diviſion of lands appear to have been made, or poſſibly could be, between Stephen and Roger; as will appear below. So that all the ſcene here laid before you is, like Milton's Chaos,

"As dark as Erebus, or Night."

The Roman coins and Penates found in its neigh-

* Hiſtor. edit. Savil. p. 103. 9.
† i. 3. 373. 858. ‡ 108. b.
§ l. iv. c. 2. § 17. & c. 6. § 8.

bourhood

bourhood do not prove the town Roman, becauſe theſe might have been hid in fields. It is very reaſonable to believe it a town not known in or near Antoninus's time; becauſe no traces can be found of it in his Itinerary. That it was the *Punctuobice* of Ravennas wants clearer proofs than can be wire-drawn from an unmeaning, unaccountable, and an abſurd Etymology. Though the Via Icena, according to Mr. Wiſe *, points to Abury, it does not prove that it paſſes through The Devizes. There are no marks left of any Roman works in or near the place, unleſs that near Roundway Hill be a Roman camp; which would prove as well Calne, and all the towns under the downs, which have Roman camps in their neighbourhood, to have been Roman. Another reaſon why it could not be ſo, may be derived from the nature and ſituation of the place. The Romans were too well inſtructed, to build a town at ſuch a diſtance from a river, unleſs upon a cauſeway; at which Mr. Wiſe has made a fair point, but nothing aroſe. Mr. Camden, with his uſual prudence and judgement, has kept clear of all intimations that might carry this place into any remote antiquity.

We can indeed go no further back than, where you have often formerly played, the Caſtle; which engages you even now in amuſements almoſt as trifling and inſignificant as the diverſions of your

* Wiſe's White Horſe, p. 43.

childhood.

childhood. But, ſince we are come to this ſpot, here you may ſet your feet upon firm ground. I am obliged however tot read with caution, and to follow the footſteps of the earlieſt Monkiſh hiſtorians; for their ſucceſſors are very buſy in adding largely to their facts; they are not contented to deliver them as they were handed down, without intruding ſome of their own unaccountable inventions into the relations of their predeceſſors.

You may from hence conclude that I have a ſtrong paſſion for Antiquities; yet there is no one that gives me ſo much pleaſure as an old Friend, which I am ſatisfied you are to him, that aſſures you, he is, Dear Sir,

Very much yours.

LETTER II.

DEAR SIR,

AN old woman, who ſhewed Lord Bathurſt's fine place by Cirenceſter, was aſked by a Gentleman that came to ſee it—"Pray what build-"ingis that?"—"Oh, Sir, that is a ruin a thouſand "years old, which my Lord built laſt year; and "he propoſes to build one this year half as old "again." This abſurdity is ſcarce greater, than what

what is ſeriouſly practiſed by modern Antiquaries. Dr. Stukeley is for carrying the Caſtle of The Devizes into the legendary ſtate of the old Woman. There is no authority to place it higher than MCXXXII, when it was built by Roger Pauper. You muſt be let into the hiſtory of this perſon, becauſe the fate of the Caſtle followed the fate of the man.

We are aſſured by Thomas Wykes *, that Roger came over with Prince Henry from foreign parts (which muſt have been Normandy), a ſecular prieſt, and *poor* from his name. He attached himſelf to the inclinations and intereſts of the Prince, who made him his Chaplain. We have the authority of William of Malmeſbury, who was perſonally acquainted with Roger, for his being privy counſellor to Henry after he became king, and then his firſt favourite; who made him Chancellor, and after Biſhop of Saliſbury. The king, finding his abilities and addreſs in governing his dioceſe very ſingular, committed to him the care of the whole Kingdom. Roger declined this important and dangerous charge, till he was obliged to comply by the injunctions of three Archbiſhops and the Pope. He acquitted himſelf in this employment without cenſure or even envy, the uſual companions of prime Miniſters; diſcharging all his eccleſiaſtical

* Chronic. p. 26.

affairs

affairs every day in the morning, that he might afterwards do the public buſineſs without interruption. He lived with magnificence, and ſpent great ſums in building, particularly at Saliſbury and Malmeſbury; where the ſtructures were very large, very beautiful, and very expenſive. The work was executed with ſuch ſurprizing neatneſs, that the joints in the ſtones were not perceptible; which made the whole pile look as if it was formed out of one ſolid piece. He built the Cathedral of Saliſbury from the ground, and adorned it with ornaments in ſo rich a manner as to make it the moſt delicate ſtructure in England *. Roger, as well as Stephen, and many of the firſt people of the kingdom, had given an oath to King Henry I., that they would promote the ſucceſſion of his daughter Matilda. Notwithſtanding this, the Biſhop, upon the death of King Henry, went into the intereſts, and engaged in the party, of Stephen; and in MCXXXV was preſent at his coronation †. This Hiſtorian in another place ſays, he heard the Biſhop affirm many times, that he was abſolved from the oath he made to King Henry; becauſe it was given upon condition, that the King did not marry his daughter to a foreigner without the privity of the Biſhop and the reſt of the nobility:

* Malmſb. Hiſt. 91. a.
† Ib. Hiſt. Novell. 101. a.

but

but that the nuptials had been conducted only by Robert Earl of Glouceſter, and two more. Malmeſbury adds, that he does not mention this becauſe he believed the Biſhop's words true (whom he knew to be a maſter of all the dexterity that was neceſſary to accommodate himſelf to the temper of the times), but becauſe he thinks himſelf obliged, as an impartial Hiſtorian, not to omit it *.

The nation, in the year MCXXXVIII, began to run into factions and tumults: the principal people, being ripe for an inſurrection, made bold applications to King Stephen for grants of lands and caſtles. Stephen, delaying to gratify their ſolicitations, incenſed and irritated them to fortify caſtles without his permiſſion, and againſt his intereſts; and likewiſe to make excurſions and depredations on the lands of the Crown †. Stephen overlooked this for the preſent, knowing that the Earl of Glouceſter was preparing for a deſcent from Normandy, to ſupport his ſiſter Matilda's claim to the Crown. He viewed therefore the great caſtles, that were fortified by his ſubjects, with a jealous eye; and in the following year ſeized many, or forced them to ſurrender. Theſe circumſtances made him look upon Roger Biſhop of Saliſbury and Alexander Biſhop of Lincoln, the two moſt powerful Biſhops, with

* Malmſb. Hiſt. 99.
† Malmſb. Hiſt. Nouvell. 102. a.

affairs every day in the morning, that he might afterwards do the public buſineſs without interruption. He lived with magnificence, and ſpent great ſums in building, particularly at Saliſbury and Malmeſbury; where the ſtructures were very large, very beautiful, and very expenſive. The work was executed with ſuch ſurprizing neatneſs, that the joints in the ſtones were not perceptible; which made the whole pile look as if it was formed out of one ſolid piece. He built the Cathedral of Saliſbury from the ground, and adorned it with ornaments in ſo rich a manner as to make it the moſt delicate ſtructure in England *. Roger, as well as Stephen, and many of the firſt people of the kingdom, had given an oath to King Henry I., that they would promote the ſucceſſion of his daughter Matilda. Notwithſtanding this, the Biſhop, upon the death of King Henry, went into the intereſts, and engaged in the party, of Stephen; and in MCXXXV was preſent at his coronation †. This Hiſtorian in another place ſays, he heard the Biſhop affirm many times, that he was abſolved from the oath he made to King Henry; becauſe it was given upon condition, that the King did not marry his daughter to a foreigner without the privity of the Biſhop and the reſt of the nobility:

* Malmſb. Hiſt. 91. a.
† Ib. Hiſt. Novell. 101. a.

but

but that the nuptials had been conducted only by Robert Earl of Glouceſter, and two more. Malmeſbury adds, that he does not mention this becauſe he believed the Biſhop's words true (whom he knew to be a maſter of all the dexterity that was neceſſary to accommodate himſelf to the temper of the times), but becauſe he thinks himſelf obliged, as an impartial Hiſtorian, not to omit it *.

The nation, in the year MCXXXVIII, began to run into factions and tumults: the principal people, being ripe for an inſurrection, made bold applications to King Stephen for grants of lands and caſtles. Stephen, delaying to gratify their ſolicitations, incenſed and irritated them to fortify caſtles without his permiſſion, and againſt his intereſts; and likewiſe to make excurſions and depredations on the lands of the Crown †. Stephen overlooked this for the preſent, knowing that the Earl of Glouceſter was preparing for a deſcent from Normandy, to ſupport his ſiſter Matilda's claim to the Crown. He viewed therefore the great caſtles, that were fortified by his ſubjects, with a jealous eye; and in the following year ſeized many, or forced them to ſurrender. Theſe circumſtances made him look upon Roger Biſhop of Saliſbury and Alexander Biſhop of Lincoln, the two moſt powerful Biſhops, with

* Malmſb. Hiſt. 99.
† Malmſb. Hiſt. Nouvell. 102. a.

particular ſuſpicions. Alexander had built a Caſtle at Newark; and Roger one at Sherburn, and another at The Devizes, incloſing a large tract of ground, with many buildings adorned with turrets. He had now likewiſe begun another at Malmeſbury; that of Saliſbury, granted to him by Henry I. was fortified for the Biſhop's uſual reſidence and protection. The envy of the Laity was raiſed to a high degree, to ſee themſelves exceeded by the Clergy in power and poſſeſſions; which gave occaſion to jealouſies being inſtilled into the King. He, having addreſs enough to ſtifle his intentions till a favourable opportunity offered, ſummoned a Parliament, to meet at Oxford on the 24th of June; where theſe two Prelates attended, with the Nobility. Roger informed our Hiſtorian, that he found within himſelf, he knew not why, a ſtrong diſinclination to this journey. Here happened an unfortunate quarrel between the attendants on the Biſhop and thoſe of Alan Earl of Britain, which very favourably coincided with the deſigns of the King. The conteſt began with words, but ended with blows: the ſwords of the Biſhop's men prevailed, the Earl's were put to flight. This incident gave the King an opportunity to convene the Biſhops, in order to procure ſatisfaction for the inſult offered his court: and to inſiſt upon the ſurrender of the keys of their Caſtles, till a ſuitable reparation was

made. Upon their declining to comply, the King commanded them to be detained, Roger without chains; but Alexander his Nephew, or more than his Nephew, in irons. They were ſent and committed to The Devizes, a caſtle built at a vaſt expence, not for the ornament, but, as it now truly appeared, for the detriment of the Church. Nigel Biſhop of Ely had eſcaped from the King, and threw himſelf into it. The King beſieged it; and during the ſiege the caſtles of Saliſbury, Shirburn, and Malmeſbury, were delivered up. That of The Devizes held out; but Roger vowing a voluntary faſt, to induce the Biſhop of Ely to ſurrender, obliged him to it in three days. The Biſhop of Lincoln purchaſed his liberty at the expence of his caſtle.

Henry Blois, Biſhop of Wincheſter, Stephen's own brother, and the Pope's Legate, ſummoned the King to appear before a Council of Biſhops at Wincheſter, to anſwer for his apprehending Roger within the limits of his court, and Alexander within his own houſe; for forcing the Biſhop of Ely to fly for protection to The Devizes; and for taking poſſeſſion of their eſtates. The King, refuſing to obey the citation in perſon, ſent his Attorney; who charged Roger heavily with diſaffection, and aſſerted that the King did not ſeize him as a Biſhop, but as his ſervant: that, having found a little money in his caſtles, he took it as a lawful prize, being a

treaſure acquired out of his uncle's, the late King's, revenues: and that the caſtles were not ſeized, but voluntarily ſurrendered. Roger anſwered, that he never was this King's ſervant; and threatened an appeal to a greater Tribunal. The Legate inſiſted upon his brother Stephen's conduct being contrary to the canons; and demanded a reſtitution to be made to the injured Biſhops. The Archbiſhop of Roan interpoſed; and advanced, that Biſhops had no right to caſtles by the canons; and, if they had, they ought to deliver them up to the King in times of public danger. The King's Attorney aſſured them, that, if any perſon went to Rome to ſolicit this affair, he ſhould certainly find it an extreme difficulty to return. This prevented the Legate from proceeding to extremities; and thus the whole buſineſs dropped *.

Matthew Paris † will inform you, that this was the moſt ſplendid Caſtle in Europe: which we have ſeen above to have been a ſhort and dangerous poſſeſſion to its proprietor. Roger lived but a little time after; he died on the 11th of December, of a quartan ague; but rather, as it is ſaid, of a heart broken by the numerous and heavy injuries he received at the hands of King Stephen ‡. Matthew

* Malmſb. Hiſt. Nouvell. 102. b.
† Hiſt. Angl. Watts, p. 77. l. 33.
‡ Malmſb. Hiſt. Nouvell. Savill. 104. a.

Paris,

Paris, in the place above cited, affirms, that the King took from the Biſhop, and out of this Caſtle, a treaſure ſufficient to purchaſe a marriage for his own ſon Euſtace with Conſtantia ſiſter to Lewis King of France. Henry Knyghton * aſſerts the ſum to have been 40,000 marks.

You, Sir, know the true uſe of riches too well to hoard them up, which ſeem to have been the cauſe of this Biſhop's ruin. In his fate you ſee the truth of that bold and beautiful metaphor in an old unfaſhionable book, which I quote becauſe you poſſibly may not have it by you, "Riches make to "themſelves wings, and fly away." That this may not be your caſe, is heartily wiſhed by

Your, &c.

LETTER III.

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH you may have heard very often, that every man's houſe is his caſtle; yet you may not have obſerved, before this cataſtrophe of the Biſhop's, that many a man's caſtle proves his priſon. You will ſee an inſtance ſimilar to this im-

* Script. Decem, p. 2385. l. 52.

mediately. On the 25th of April MCXLI, this caſtle of The Devizes was ſeized by Robert ſon of Hubert, a young man of a profligate character, abandoned to cruelty, rapine, and blaſphemy. In this he intended to defend himſelf, till he could ſend for forces out of Flanders; and gave out very audaciouſly, that then he would be maſter of all the country from Wiltſhire to London. But John, who was maſter of the caſtle of Marlborough, a man of ſtratagem, catched him, put him in chains, and hanged him; becauſe he would not ſurrender to the Empreſs Matilda: ſo that the puniſhment, he deſerved from the King he oppoſed, was inflicted upon him by a perſon of the party he had been attached to *.

We hear nothing about this Caſtle for almoſt a hundred years after. The memory of it before had probably never been preſerved, had it not been for the misfortunes that attended the Biſhop who built it; and the deſerved, though the unexpected, fate of Robert who ſeized it. I ſhall therefore haſten to another ſcene, that made it remarkable among the Hiſtorians by the impriſonment of Hubert de Burgo; who makes a great figure in the reign of Henry III. This unfortunate man may make you rejoice in the happineſs of a ſnug retirement, and give you ſome amuſement, by ſeeing how preca-

* Malmſb. Hiſt. Nouvell. 105. a.

rious

rious are the poſſeſſions of power and honours. You will receive the account from extracts made out of Matthew Paris, contemporary with Hubert. He muſt have been well acquainted with the hiſtory of thoſe times, which indeed were terrible, from the weakneſs and bigotry of the Prince, the artifices of the Prieſts, and the tyranny of the Pope. We ought to think ourſelves extremely happy, who are placed at ſuch a diſtance, and under ſuch ſecurity from the influences of ſo cruel and ſo deteſtable a ſcheme of policy, profanely called Religion.

Hubertus de Burgo was made Chief Juſtice of England in MCCXXII *; but ſoon fell under ſuſpicions, for procuring a bull from the Pope, to inveſt the exerciſe of the regal authority in the King before he was of age †. The Nobility grew diſaffected to the King, becauſe he would not diſplace Hubert ‡, who was ſuſpected of poiſoning the Earl of Saliſbury at an entertainment made at his own houſe ‖. However, he preſerved his intereſt with his maſter, and was made Earl of Kent §, and two years after became his firſt miniſter **. The King deſigned to make a deſcent upon Normandy, to recover the poſſeſſions of the Crown; a great army was raiſed; but the number of tranſports were not

* Matth. Paris, 315, 37. † Ib. 318, 14.
‡ Ib. 320, 6. ‖ Ib. 328, 53.
§ Ib. 337, 10. ** Ib. 353, 23.

half enough to carry over the troops, which rendered the attempt ineffectual. Upon this, Hubert was ſuſpected of holding a treaſonable correſpondence with France *. A general plunder was made, all over England, on the barns of the Roman † religious houſes, by parties of men under arms. The Pope was made acquainted with it; who wrote to the King with his own hand, ſharply expoſtulated with him for permitting ſuch acts of injuſtice, and empowered Peter de Rupibus to detect and excommunicate the aggreſſors. Hubert was diſcovered, in the inquiry into this buſineſs, to have indemnified the pillagers under the King's Letters Patents ‡. The real cauſe of this violence aroſe from the Romans having forcibly deprived the Gentlemen of their advowſons ||. Peter by this time gained a great aſcendant over the King, and had influence enough to get Hubert diſplaced §. Henry's revenues being much reduced, he, by the advice of Peter, called his miniſters to account, and Hubert among the reſt. Hubert particularly was loaded with breaches of truſt, and almoſt all kind of imputations **; and after this even of high treaſon ††. He petitioned for time, to bring in his anſwer to

* Ib. 363, 39.

† Qu. If the Author does not mean ſome houſes daughters to monaſteries in Italy?

‡ Matth. Paris, 375, 43. || Ib. 376, 30.

§ Ib. 376, 34. ** Ib. †† Ib. 377, 8.

ſuch

such a variety of accusations; and was allowed it. But, finding himself under the displeasure of the King, and deserted by his friends, he retired in great terrors to the Priory of Merton near London *. He was now further charged with having poisoned two men of quality, besides the Archbishop of Canterbury and another gentleman †. In short, all the crimes were heaped upon him, that either his enemies could suggest, or the Devil himself commit. This obliged him to take shelter in the church of Merton: for he dared not appear to give in his answer on the appointed day, for fear of the rage of the people; who by these accusations were highly exasperated ‡. The King sent orders to the Mayor and citizens of London, to put themselves in arms, and to bring Hubert to him out of the monastery by force, either alive or dead ||. The common people were delighted with the orders, having gained an opportunity to gratify their detestation of a degraded Minister, the most miserable of all objects. But the Earl of Chester, foreseeing the danger that might accrue to the public peace from an enraged mob let loose under arms, prevailed upon the King to countermand their march, and command them back. The King after this was moved, by the intercessions of Ralph Bishop of Chester and

* Matth. Paris, 377, 8. † Ib, 377, 35.
‡ Ib. 378, 2. || Ib.

the

the Archbiſhop of Dublin, to grant Hubert a further time, under his Letters Patents. This gave him an opportunity of taking a journey to St. Edmund's, to pay a viſit to his wife; but this likewiſe was conſtrued into a matter of ſuſpicion: for it was inſinuated into the King, that this journey would prove injurious to his affairs, becauſe it gave Hubert an opportunity of increaſing the diſaffection of his people. The King then diſpatched inſtantly Geoffry de Cranecumbe with a party of 300 horſe, to bring Hubert back upon the peril of being hanged. He, being pre-acquainted with the orders, catched the alarm, and threw himſelf into a neighbouring chapel: where Geoffry delivered the King's orders, and commanded him to leave the ſanctuary. Upon Hubert's refuſal, he and his men tore violently out of his hands the crucifix he held; and ſent to a ſmith to make a ſett of chains. As ſoon as the ſmith found who the priſoner was, he honeſtly and reſolutely refuſed to make the chains, reproached the officer, and gave a great character of Hubert, recounting the particular actions of his life by which he had often preſerved his country. Geoffry, upon this, ordered him to be bound with cords, conducted him to London, expoſed him to the deriſion and inſults of the mob, and lodged him ſafe in The Tower. The Clergy applied to the King, with their uſual outcries againſt the violation

of

of the Church, and threatened the offenders with excommunication. The King found it moſt prudent to re-convey him to his chapel; but ordered the ſheriffs of Hertford and Eſſex, upon penalty of death, to inveſt it, and ſtarve Hubert. He employed himſelf perpetually at prayers, reſigning himſelf up to the protection of God, and the comfort of a clear conſcience. Though the King had now given peremptory orders, that no one ſhould dare to intercede in his behalf, or ſo much as mention his name in his preſence; yet the Archbiſhop of Dublin preſumed once more to interpoſe. The King anſwered, that the only thing left Hubert, that could ſave his life, was, either to commit himſelf to perpetual baniſhment or a perpetual priſon, or elſe to make a public profeſſion that he had been a traitor. Hubert would ſubmit to neither of theſe terms, but promiſed to withdraw out of the kingdom for a time. The King received in the mean time an information, that the treaſure of this man was lodged in the New Temple. He made a demand of it, which Hubert conſented to deliver up. The King however ordered the money to be counted and ſet down upon paper. Upon the ſearch after the money, much gold and ſilver plate was found, with ſome very precious ſtones. This gave his enemies an alarm, and a handle to accuſe him of pillaging the publick. The King, notwithſtanding all

all theſe violent meaſures, relented at laſt, and gave Hubert back all his lands, that he had been poſſeſſed of by his Father's will and his own purchaſes*.

He was then ſent a priſoner to the caſtle of The Devizes, and committed to the cuſtody of four keepers †. Peter de Rupibus, having ſtill the King's ear, influenced him to make a ſeizure upon the eſtates of ſome of his principal people; among which were Gilbert Baſſet and Richard Siward. The nation began to grow tumultuous, upon diſcovering that the councils of Peter occaſioned theſe ſevere proceedings; and that the King was in the hands of a foreigner, who had brought ſo many of his own countrymen from Poictiers, that the nation ſwarmed with them ‡. Peter retained his uſual averſion to Hubert, and procured from the King the cuſtody of this Caſtle; that he might loſe no opportunity, as it is ſaid, to deſtroy his perſon. Hubert received notice of the deſign from ſome of his friends at court. In the night at one o'clock, on the eve of St. Michael, MCCXXXIII, while the reſt of the guards were aſleep, two of them conducted his eſcape: one watched, while the other took Hubert upon his ſhoulders, carried him through the area of the Caſtle, went out of the great gate, paſſed with difficulty a deep foſs, aſcended to the pariſh-church,

* Matth. Par. 381, 9. † Ib. ‡ Ib. 386.

and

and lodged him ſafe at the high altar. The two young men were unwilling to leave him, being determined to ſhare his fortunes. The other guards, waking and miſſing their priſoner, were in great conſternation, made immediate enquiries after him, and found him in the church with his chains on, carrying in his hands a crucifix. He was apprehended, and brought back to his priſon. The news of this affair ſoon reaching Robert Biſhop of Saliſbury brought him to the caſtle, where he injoined the guards to replace Hubert in the church, and upon their refuſal excommunicated them. This Biſhop, accompanied with Roger Biſhop of London and other Prelates, had an audience of the King, laid Hubert's caſe before him, and ſucceeded in having the priſoner replaced; which the King conſented to with reluctance, but commanded at the ſame time the ſheriff to blockade the church in order to ſtarve the captive *. Soon after Hubert was releaſed out of the church by his friends, who ſecured his eſcape with a party of armed men, and conveyed him ſafe to Wales, where he joined with the King's enemies †. Theſe friends of his were Gilbert Baſſet and Richard Siward above-mentioned ‡.

* Matth. Par. 388. † Ib. 389.
‡ Annal. Waverl. Gale ii. 195. Chron. Tho. Wykes, ib. p. 42.

What

What became of him after, Matthew Paris does not declare. I perſuade myſelf that he lay ſnug in the mountains, poſſeſſed of a caſtle which nature had rendered impregnable; and that he amuſed himſelf and others with a relation of his many uncommon eſcapes. Since therefore the Hero is landed ſafe on the Welſh ſhore, the relater has nothing at preſent more to do, than to drink your *bon repos*, and wiſh you a good night, with that heartineſs that becomes

Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

DEAR SIR,

YOU will find I have not done with the Caſtle yet; and I am ſure you will think it but common juſtice to ſpend a long time upon ſo large and extenſive a work. It ought to be viewed deliberately through a pair of diamond-cut ſpectacles of ſome grave and important Antiquary; theſe will magnify its ſite, and multiply its years. Though you find it in times of yore a ſtrong fortification, a modern Virtuoſo makes little or nothing of it. He indeed *builds much* upon it, and lays the foundation of Roger's caſtle upon the ruins of a Roman one

and

and all good authority. He deſtroys all Norman works as ſoon as you can ſmoke a pipe of tobacco; but his viſionary reaſons, like your whiff, vaniſh into air. I fear we muſt look upon it only as a Norman ſtructure; how long it ſtood before it was diſmantled, cannot certainly be determined. In Mr. Camden's age, it was greatly impaired and deformed by Time; and, probably ſoon after,

" Etiam hæ periere ruinæ!"

There is no reaſon to think it was repaired again; for we hear nothing of it at the civil wars, in that memorable action between the forces of the King and Parliament.

This Caſtle had its Wardens, a few of which I preſent you with. Theſe offices carried great advantages with them to a peaceable ſubject, but a ſnare to an ambitious one. Mr. Madox has proved clearly, in his Baronia Anglica, that moſt of the ancient Baronies flowed from the tenure of caſtles.

Philip de Albini, 3 Hen. II. MCLVI.
Ralph Wilington, 17 Hen. III. MCCXXXII.
Peter de Rupibus, 18 Hen. III. MCCXXXIII.
John Pleſſet, 19 Hen. III. MCCXXXIV.
Ditto, 37 Hen. III. MCCLII.
Robert Nevil Lord Raby, 47 Hen. III. MCCLXII.
Philip Lord Baſſet of Wicomb.
Thomas Deſpencer, 48 Hen. III. MCCLXIII.
Philip Lord Baſſet, 54 Hen. III. MCCLXIX.

Hugo

Hugo le Deſpencer, 1 Edw. II. MCCCVII.

Oliver de Ingham, 15 Edw. III. MCCCXXI.

Though I am ſenſible this liſt is very imperfect, I have not leiſure to compleat it by ſpending *ſix months* among the records in The Tower. If you have a mind to have it exact, you may go and conſult the indefatigable Browne Willis, a man of a ſingular character; a genuine Antiquary, in learning, manners, habit, and perſon; ſo very extraordinary a man, that I think it worth my while to ſtop, and give you an account of him. I will acquaint you with his family; and point out his houſe by ſuch particular marks, that you will know it at firſt ſight.

The family fortune was honeſtly got by the great Thomas Willis, M. D. out of cavaliers that were ſick of the war, which impaired their conſtitutions. It was made by practice for *ſingle fees*, before the funds were created, or Change-alley turned into a court of requeſts. He was a man of uncommon penetration, and ſaw further into the *heads** of mankind than any of his contemporary brethren; and wrote many ingenious romances in a pleaſing and *nervous* ſtyle. He was well known to have dealt much with familiar ſpirits, called *animal*. Having a great command over them, he could, for the entertainment of his acquaintance, make a mil-

* V. de Cerebro.

lion

ſion of them dance a jigg on the pineal gland of a fine lady, or on the point of a needle. He would ſend them on errands God knows where, and remand them back as quick as thought. Theſe obſequious beings always perched upon his elbow when he wrote a preſcription; after that, inſtantly whipped into the palm of his right hand. He could place them all over on the outſide of a fribble, or confine them to the finger of a fiddler, the hand of a ſharper, the foot of a dancing-maſter, the toe of a ſoldier, the backſide of a bully, the heart of a lover, and make them jump down through a crack into the hollow ſkull of a Methodiſt. This Doctor got the money for the ſon's purchaſe of this antique place; which indeed is a little crowded with *natural* plantations, the proprietor having made a vow always to live in a wood. The houſe is inveſted with large tall trees, which look formidable in decay, yielding an occaſional habitation to a colony of rooks, who legally have enjoyed them by the moſt authentic preſcription from Richard the Firſt. The *vallum*, that incloſes the garden, is a little out of repair; yet is never to be rebuilt by any of his heirs, but under a curſe of pulling an old wall upon their heads. The mote which ſurrounds the houſe has always enjoyed a melancholy ſmoothneſs, unruffled by winds, and a ſtranger to a dimple; but has been many years changing its nature, and thick-

ening into earth. The unmoleſted gate loves and ſticks to his threſhold; a little wicket lets you into a court lined and over-ſhaded with yews, which make a ſolemn gloom. You need not knock at the door of the houſe; you may creep through it, or the pervious walls will give you here and there an eaſy admittance. The furniture of the inſide is ſuited to the outſide. The hall is covered with green, reſembling the *verde antique*; the parlour wainſcoted with oak, native of the place, and more than coæval with the houſe. The pannels are ſmall ſquares intermixed with a little fluted pallaſtrade, which ſupport, by way of capital, the faces of men, not much reſembling human nature. The chambers are hung with a variety of ſilks and velvets worked in a kind of Moſaic *, in the manner of modern patchwork. His Father muſt have purchaſed them out of the Arundelian wardrobe; for the Son, by his indefatigable erudition in Antiquities, can inconteſtably prove them to have been the genuine remnants of Queen Elizabeth's Hoop-petticoats. A variety of ornaments appear every where: among a great deal of furniture impaired by time, you will ſee ſeveral ſtatues that fell off from croſſes

* Read *Muſive*; v. "Narr. to Lond." Deſp. 220. Perhaps it ſhould be read *Muſaick*, from the reſemblance to the ancient muſical notes, which were written in ſquares, parallelograms, trapeziums, &c. as may be ſeen in all the ancient MS Miſſals.

at

at the Reformation, and have looked as if they were in a fright ever ſince. They are all of his own collection, for his Father brought no *images* * with him from *Hinckſey* †. There are Saxon buſts of men or beaſts, the ſpecies cannot well be determined; beſides numberleſs fragments of painted glaſs, ſcraps of inſcriptions, and ineſtimable ſhreds of old parchment deeds. In his ſtudy, adorned with fretwork of pendent ſpiders-webs, you might have ſeen a large collection of coins, down from Abraham to the Borough half-penny. He had, before he preſented them to the Univerſity of Oxford, the largeſt collection in the world of Townſmens half-pence, ten of which are nearly equal in intrinſic value to one of Wood's farthings; but in the extrinſic, vaſtly ſuperior. Among his MSS. written with his own hand with incredible aſſiduity, you will ſee a laborious Dictionary of proper names of Lords, Abbots, Parliament-men, Gentlemen, Clergymen, and Pariſh-clerks, ever ſince the Saxon invaſion: and in his accurate hiſtory of family affairs, you will find the moſt copious regiſter or records of marriages, births, and burials, of any library in Europe. The grounds about his houſe

* Tully takes many opportunities of ſaying he was not a man of *birth*; i. e. of *images*: particularly, De Leg. Agr. II. c. 36. ed. var.

† Anth. Wood, Ath. Oxon. ii. p. 549.

have been remarkable for ſome conſiderable actions formerly; and now remain diſfigured with many pits, dug, not for marle, gravel, or any other earthly uſe, but in ſearch of Roman ſpears, Daniſh helmets, and Saxon ſtirrups. One remarkable cavity is ſaid to have been formed by the proprietor himſelf, out of which this Mole of antiquity crawled, after having been buried ſome time in the laſt year's earthquake. He ſhews a botanical curioſity, which is not to be matched in any part of England, Europe, or the whole world. It is, Sir, a Willow-baſket, propagated originally from the ſame plants of which was made the Druidian Wicker-baſket mentioned by Julius Cæſar *; though ſome carry it no higher than the Bucking-baſket well known in the merry reign of Henry the Fourth.

To this able Gentleman I refer you; and hope you will not repent of going to take a view of ſo uncommon a place, where the Maſter himſelf is the greateſt of all his curioſities, a relique of remote antiquity! He has indeed made me go out of my way, which is an incident a little too common to writers on ſuch ſubjects. If you will pardon this digreſſion, I will return again to my point.

You have ſeen that caſtles have their periods; they riſe, flouriſh, and decay; and ſeem as mortal as

* V. Bell. Gall. l. vi. c. 16.

the

the man that built them. Though they were once noble and amazing ſtructures, they were, as Rome has been, and as my Lord Mayor's houſe will be, ruined by their own greatneſs. They ought not however to dazzle our eyes ſo much, as to make us conclude upon the greatneſs of their age from that of their bulk. No further allowance ſhould be given to their years than that which is juſtified by authority; and this will not allow you to go one ſtep further back for the origin of your caſtle than MCXXXII; then it was certainly built. But what weight can ſo puny an author as your Friend is, who never yet publiſhed a ſixpenny Pamphlet, have againſt ſo ponderous an author of ſome Folios? Mine is like the fate of Hector in Homer, or Turnus in Virgil, or the Devil's in Milton, which

"Flew up, and kick'd the beam."

I acknowledge myſelf to be a mean cockney to that great hunter after objects of antiquity, the renowned Antiquary of Lincolnſhire, the incomparable, incomprehenſible, unconvincible Dr. Stukeley, who affirms, very peremptorily affirms, "That the "town was incloſed by the Romans with a val-"lum and ditch," though no traces of a vallum and ditch appear to any eye but his own. That "this "town took in the caſtle, which was originally "Roman, but afterwards rendered impregnable by

"Roger Biſhop of Saliſbury*." I humbly conceive, the Roman caſtle, here mentioned, did not formerly ſtand on the hill where the wind-mills are now placed, but in the air.

You ſee, the town is not only Roman, but the caſtle too, without the leaſt probability, or the ſhadow of a proof. If the town muſt be linked with the caſtle, the former had better be fixed to the true date of the latter. This, I confeſs, will degrade it in the eyes of all zealots of antiquity, by paring it down from a Roman to a Norman ſtructure: yet this is the moſt reaſonable opinion. The extent and magnificence of the caſtle muſt have furniſhed a number of attendants ſuitable to its greatneſs. Bread, meat, herbs, cloaths, and utenſils, are the calls of neceſſity; which muſt be ſupplied by bakers, butchers, brewers, gardeners, ſhoe-makers, and taylors, manufacturers and mechanicks. You ſee there is inſtantly a ſet of inhabitants fixed without the walls, to anſwer the exigences of thoſe within. The cloyſtered Monks indeed kept arts and ſciences cloſe within their walls, which were ſcarce ever known to come abroad but once, at the Reformation: but this was not the caſe of Caſtles. This great one then produced the town, as naturally as a Palace begets a village; or a Great Lord, villains.

* Itin. Curioſ. 137.

As

As I am juſt come to the town after a fatiguing purſuit, it is neceſſary to pull in, and enter cooly. I ſhall take a peep over the pales at your villa, which is one of the moſt natural *modern* antiquities that has yet been ſeen by, Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER V.

DEAR SIR,

AS to your town, no doubt but it was ancient, as has been aſſerted above; but not quite ſo old as the Flood, Babel, Babylon, or Rome. The inhabitants are not the worſe for not having long pedigrees, or Roman blood in their veins; they may be contented with a deſcent no earlier than the Normans. It is honour enough, in theſe days, to derive our blood from the French, for we are not like to draw it from them any other way. Surely that nation was the common ſtock of all the Europeans; who are all dwindling into Beaux, Dancing-maſters, Muſicians, Fribbles, and Gameſters. Witneſs the genteel pigtail, the graceful movement, the harmonious hum, the jeſſamy cock of the hat, and the tradeſmens books. They ſeem very much like your gallypots, which are lately

gilded and new-lettered by order of the college of phyſicians; they are all gold without, but bitterneſs within. The complexion of the preſent age, you ſee, pleads ſtrongly for this original, and carries this hereditary claim ſtill further. Not only the cut of their cloaths and their dyet, but their language is brought irreſiſtibly into faſhion. I hope, for the ſake of Old England, that our acts of parliament will continue ſome time longer in Engliſh; though it is feared it may not do ſo, ſince the articles of a late peace have been penned in French; and ſince an able Speaker at the head of the War Office is fond of crowding French phraſes into Engliſh parliamentary debates. You, Sir, in your place, have partaken of this degeneracy, and expelled the few remains of the old honeſt laborious Saxons; who early ſubmitted and were incorporated with the Normans. They were woolpickers, woolcombers, weavers, clothiers, and dyers. The induſtry of theſe brought riches into your town, which were preſerved under the faithful cuſtody of frugality. But now how are you changed, into delicacy and poverty, into embroidery on one day of the week, and dirtyneſs on all the reſt! Sacks are thin in your market-place on Thurſdays, but thick in your churches on Sundays. You have turned the grating of your woolcombs into the ſcraping of fiddles; the ſkreeking loom into the tinkling harpſichord;

and

and the thumping fulling-mills into a glittering and contentious organ. Scents of perfumes are in your churches; and the odours of train-oil and fermenting urine are no more ſmelt amongſt you. Your houſes are ornamented with Bath ſtone, wrought into pediments, entablatures, and pillaſtrades; your market-houſe (a ſtranger to woolpacks) is metamorphozed into a theatre for balls, and concertos, and oratorios.

So much for the preſent liberties of the town. I muſt now proceed to the ancient ones: but I am extremely embarraſſed, at the very threſhold, in opening my ſubject: being much diſappointed and ſurprized not to find any character of your town in Mr. Madox's Firma Burgi. What I can collect is at your ſervice; but I beg you would ſtop a minute and drink, for you will find the entertainment very dry.

19 Hen. II. MCLXXII. Thoſe * manors or lands were properly taxable to the King, which he held in his own hands. Under theſe were comprehended the King's eſcheats and wardſhips. Upon this account, Guido the Dean and his fellows accounted for 40 *s.* received of the men de Diviſis.

23 Hen. II. MCLXXVI. Twenty † mares were raiſed by the Sheriff, as an aid to the king.

* Madox, Hiſt. Exchеq. p. 485.
† Ib. 420.

A * tallage or tax was aſſeſſed upon the King's demeans in Wiltſhire; it was paid under the name of a donum: The Devizes paid, 3*l.* 12*s.* 10*d.*

10 Ric. I. MCXCVIII. In the † reign of King Richard, a tallage was raiſed upon his demeans, eſcheats, and wardſhips, and upon the burghs and towns of the realm. The men of The Devizes paid 30 mares.

1 Joh. MCXCIX. In the ‡ reign of King John, there was a tallage on the King's manors in Wiltſhire, among other places; the Villata de Diviſis is in arrearage to the tallage.

MCC. The § next year, the Burgenſes de Diviſis were charged with a debt of 12 mares and 1 horſe, for a Royal charter, to confirm one which they had procured from his father.

11 Hen. III. MCCXXVI. In the ‖ reign of Henry III. an accord was made between John Mareſchall, Keeper of the Caſtle of The Devizes, and the men of that town, concerning the ſeizures made upon the townſmen by the wardens of the Caſtle.

20 Hen. III. MCCXXV. Sometimes towns were permitted to compound for the tallage. So ** the Villata de Diviſis owes 100*s.* the remainder of the tallage.

* Madox, Hiſt. Excheq. p. 441.
† Ib. 484. ‡ Ib. 487. § Ib. 277.
‖ Ib. 525. ** Ib. 511.

30 Hen.

30 Hen. III. MCCXLV. The Villa de Diviſis owes 12 mares of their Tallage.

38 Henry III. MCCLIII. The knights of Wiltſhire * ward to the Caſtle of the Devizes; and in the Exchequer Rolls there is entered a Loquendum cum Domino Rege, or his council, concerning the Knights of Wiltſhire, who owe wards to the Caſtle, and have withdrawn them 20 years.

27 Ed. I. MCCXCIX. Margaret † Queen of England had ſettled ‡ upon her, by way of dower, the caſtle, town, and park of The Devizes, with the Foreſts of Milkeſham, Chippenham, and Pewſey, and the manor of Rowde, with all appurtenances, in Wiltſhire, to the value of 24 pounds.

1 Ed. II. MCCCVII. The King § grants to Hugo le Deſpencer the Caſtle, which had been the dower of his mother Margaret.

25 Hen. VI. MCCCXLVII. The King ‖ grants to his conſort Queen Margaret, the Caſtle, town, and park of The Devizes, with the foreſts of Milkeſham and Pewſey.

It appears, from the particulars above mentioned, that the King had demeans in this town;

* Madox, Hiſt. Excheq. 491.
† Ib. 621.
‡ V. Rymer, Fœd. ii. 854. b.
§ Madox, Hiſt. Excheq. III. 66. a.
‖ Ib. xi. 155. a.

that

that as early as King John the inhabitants were called *Burgenſes*; whereas before this they were called only, ſimply, *men:* that they had before King John's time, in that of his Father, a Charter of privileges. Though it ſeems reaſonable to believe from hence, yet your friend does not chuſe to aſſert poſitively, that theſe were the priviledges of a borough, and that they ſent either in King John's time, or even in his father's, repreſentatives to the king's council.

There were two hoſpitals, in or near St. John's church-yard, under the government of the Mayor and Corporation; but formerly in the patronage of the King. One was for Leprous perſons, founded before MCCVII: for, by the roll of the 9th of John, a holyday was granted to the Lepers on the Eve of St. Dionyſius. By the 1 H. IV. 1 Dec. MCCCXCIX, a grant was made out to Nicholas Coventre, chaplain of the government, of the hoſpital of St. John, in the king's town of Vize *.

I am as glad as you can be, that I am got ſafe through theſe heavy and unentertaining particulars; I am quite jaded in labouring through ſuch a moraſs of antiquities. But you ought to know, that a writer on ſuch ſubjects as theſe muſt omit not even the minuteſt incidents. It is not material whether

* Tanner, Notit. Monaſt. 604.

they

they are of *conſequence*, or whether any *uſeful* knowledge may be derived from them or not. To ſpoil ſo much ink, to abuſe ſo much paper, and dangle away ſo much time, ſeems to be the principal deſign of Antiquaries; and perhaps you will think of, Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER VI.

DEAR SIR,

TO make you ſome amends for the formal and circumſtantial dryneſs of my laſt, I bring you nearer to your own time, by ſending you an abſtract of what occurred during the Civil Wars. I believe no extraordinary incident for many years before happened in your town, for I meet with nothing relating to it for a long interval. In the Civil Wars, indeed, it had its ſhare of the public troubles.

After the bloody battle of Lanſdown, the King's troops, commanded by the Marquis of Hertford, Prince Maurice, and the Earl of Carnarvon, left Marſhfield, to join the King at Oxford, and marched to Chippenham. They were followed by Sir William Waller to The Devizes. As their march was obſtructed,

ſtructed, it was determined that the Marquis ſhould break through that night with the horſe to Oxford: and, till a reinforcement could be brought from thence, that the Earl of Marlborough and Sir Ralph Hopton ſhould with the foot and cannon ſtay behind, and defend themſelves for a few days. The horſe arrived ſafe at the King's quarters, and the Prince and Marquis to Oxford. Sir William Waller in the mean time took the advantage of their abſence, and drew all his forces cloſe up to the town. All the avenues to this open and defenceleſs place, where there could not be found even any dark remains of a Roman vallum and foſs, were barricadoed by the King's party. The hedges and ditches, their only fortifications, were lined with foot, and ſome pieces of cannon were advantageouſly placed. Sir William, knowing, by his exact intelligence, the departure of the General with the horſe, ſurrounded the town, raiſed a battery upon a neighbouring hill, threw ſhot into it without intermiſſion, and attempted to enter in many places, but was repulſed at all. Lord Crawford was now convoying a ſupply of powder to Marſhfield, not knowing that the army was decamped and the horſe ſeparated. Sir William, having intelligence of the convoy, detached a ſtrong party, who intercepted and took it. The commanding officer eſcaped with difficulty, having loſt his

his ammunition and a troop or two of his horſe. Sir William, aſſured of conqueſt, acquainted the beſieged, that he was maſter of their powder, adviſed them to ſubmit, and offered his mediation with the Parliament in their behalf: which brought on a ſhort ceſſation of arms, in order to a treaty. Quarters only, and civil uſage, were offered to the officers; but to the men, leave to return to their homes without their arms, unleſs they would voluntarily ſerve the Parliament. As the Officers could not ſubmit to ſuch terms, the treaty broke off. Yet, by this reſpite, the King's forces, both officers and ſoldiers, extremely harraſſed and fatigued, gained a little refreſhment, and ſaved ſome ammunition. The King ſent Lord Wilmot and Prince Maurice back; the ſame day they arrived, with all his horſe: but Prince Rupert's regiment appeared, about noon the next day, upon the plain within two miles, after more than a thirty miles march. Lord Wilmot had 1500 horſe, with two ſmall field-pieces. The town was not acquainted with this expeditious and unexpected reinforcement; ſo that they made no attempt to join them. Waller, who was informed of it, in order to prevent a conjunction, placed himſelf directly in the way on Round-way hill, with 2000 horſe, 500 dragoons, and a body of foot. He inſtantly charged Wilmot with his cavalry, without giving

him time to do any thing but form his men. After a ſharp engagement for half an hour, the Parliament forces were diſordered, routed, and driven down the precipices; which were almoſt as dangerous to the purſuers as the purſued. The foot kept their ground, making a ſhew of a gallant reſiſtance; but Lord Wilmot, having been early maſter of their cannon, turned it upon them; and, with the Corniſh men, juſt come up from the town, killed and took priſoners almoſt all of them. Waller loſt near 1800 men, all his artillery, ammunition, baggage, and colours, meeting with a total defeat when he had promiſed himſelf confidently a compleat victory. He flew to Briſtol with a ſmall train; whither it is neither my buſineſs nor inclination to follow him. However, this happy victory was of great uſe to the King's affairs, and likewiſe to the town, in removing the ſeat of war to a diſtance.

I heartily beg your pardon, Sir, for making excurſions into the pleaſing tracts of Modern Hiſtory, and forgetting the moſt material Antiquities of your town, the Penates. As I make ſo full a confeſſion, you can abſolve me as effectually as any Prieſt of the Church, according to an obſervation made the other day in converſation upon this ſubject by an open, unreſerved, and free Roman Catholic; who added, "We, you know, are charged

"charged with making Gods out of the old uſeleſs "Roman ones; and Dr. Middleton, who advanced "this, was as great a devotee as any man in Eng- "land—to ſcepticiſm. Poor man! he is certainly "gone at leaſt into purgatory, where, according to "St. Auſtin's opinion, he will be confined in the "*limbus Patrum* as many years as he has lived "minutes. For millions of ages muſt this bigot "of morality welter in pain; unleſs, by a miracle "undeſervedly worked upon him, he ſhould be "mercifully convinced of that truth which he has "elegantly and artfully oppoſed. Had he been "acquainted with theſe Penates now before us, he "would have ſaid a great many amuſing things on "the ſurpriſing analogy between the Lares of the "ancient and modern Romans, and very plauſibly "launched out into the great uſe and convenience "of having little portable pocket Gods; that take "up no more room than a Birmingham crucifix, "or a Lady's ſmelling-bottle. He ended with "aſſuring us, he had ſtill as much religion as his "old acquaintance and benevolent friend, the "late Mr. Pope; whoſe only creed was his Uni- "verſal Prayer, who kept the commandments as "ſtrictly as moſt well-bred men, having never "killed any body but Mr. Theobald with the "pip, and never ſtolen any thing from any

"man living or dead, but once from my Lord "Bolingbroke."

Was your friend maſter of that noble Lord's incomparable elegance, you would receive a more agreeable account than a formal, cold, and lifeleſs detail of theſe Penates; twenty-one of which were dug up in the year MDCCXIV. by William Cadby, together with a Roman wine-veſſel, which held about 6 gallons. Cadby, according to tradition *, being a great lover of ſtrong beer, without doubt meaſured the veſſel by ale meaſure. The 6 gallons Engliſh brings it very near the Roman Amphora. The Gods are ſaid, by Dr. Stukeley, "to have been "found in a cavity † incloſed with Roman brick." It may be ſo: for Dr. Muſgrave ſays, there was found with them a coin of Severus, which proves they were depoſited in or after his time ‡.

The reaſon why the Romans hid their treaſures was, to ſecure them from their enemies. The truth of this may be inferred from a paſſage in Spartianus's life of Peſcenninus Niger §. Every ſoldier carried with him his money and portable things of value. When they were called out upon long haſty marches, dangerous expeditions, or to a determined

* Muſgrave. Belg. Brit. i. 67.
† Itin. Curioſ. p. 137.
‡ Muſgr. Belg. Brit. i. 125.
§ Caſaub. edit. p. 114. D.

action,

action, they depoſited their valuables under a ſtrong preſumption of finding them again; this occaſioned ſome to have been hid in fields. But, when they were attacked in their fortification, they depoſited their treaſures in the earth, where they were ſtationed: *qua data foſſa*, upon this account, much of their money has been hid in their camps and towns. They were determined that their treaſures ſhould not fall with their bodies into the enemies hands; but choſe to leave them, if they died, a legacy to poſterity for an amuſement, or rather an employment for ſome grave and indefatigable Virtuoſo. So that it appears too haſty a concluſion to infer a Roman town from a few Roman relicks found in its neighbourhood.

The ſize and weight of the Penates may be ſeen in the following table, which omits two, as being either imperfect, or unintelligible, or ungueſſable.

Penates.	Height, Inches.		Weight, oz.	dr.
1 Venus, of an excellent deſign,	6	¼	11	4
2 Jupiter Ammon, - -	4	½		
3 Neptune, - - -	4		4	4
4 Hercules Ophinchus, - -	4	¼	6	4
5 Bacchus, - - -	4	½	4	5
6 An old man, not explained,	4		6	4
7 Pallas, - - -	3	⅜		
8 Virgo Veſtalis, of Corinthian braſs, - - -	3	¼	7	4
9 Vulcan, - - -	3	½	3	4
10 Mercury, - - -	3	¼		
11 A man, not explained,	4		5	2
12 Romulus, Remus, and Wolf,	1	¾	1	4
13 A buſt, not explained,	2		2	0
14 Apis, the Ægyptian Bull,	4		6	0
15 Anubis, the Ægyptian Dog,	3	½	6	4
16 Bucephalus Alexandri Mamm. - -	2	¼	3	6
17 Bacchus, - - -				
18 Matronæ caput, - -				
19 A man, not explained,	4		5	2

Theſe Penates, having been dug up in the confines of your town, and near your Villa, bring me in ſight of your own curioſities. I am in love with your cave, which is truly beautiful, becauſe natural. The ſerpentine walks in the wood-work, the entertaining-room, cellar, little buildings, patches of gardens, poultry yard, pigſties, and ſtables, give a compleat idea of convenience againſt a famine, and a certain ruſticity worthy the deſign of Columella,

Columella, or the retirement of Cicero in his exile. It has as much the air of Antiquity as any object really diſcovered in your neighbourhood by the moſt ſerious, or *imagined* to have been diſcovered by the moſt ſanguine, Antiquary; if you will believe, Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER VII.

DEAR SIR,

YOU muſt now give me leave to addreſs myſelf to you, in a more particular manner, with that old-faſhioned frankneſs that would not flatter an enemy—to make him his friend. You had always a natural taſte for Antiquities, eſpecially for the Engliſh. Your honeſt paſſion has been ſteady to the roaſt beef and ſtrong beer of old England. You love the roughneſs of the old innocent and hearty ages, better than the modern, gay, refined, effeminate manners. Your integrity has made you open, undiſguiſed, and ſincerely blunt; and has given an antique caſt to your whole compoſition. You have conſtantly retained a veneration for the Druids of your country, and have amuſed yourſelf ſome years within the hollow of a

tree. This is your cave of contemplation, lined with ſlabs, and ſtuccoed with moſs. Your couch is covered with the ſame, and matted with the peelings of the bark of trees. Your table is a chopping-block, your diſhes platters, your plates trenchers, and your chairs are chumps of wood. Nature, having given you two hands, ſupplies you with knives, forks, and ſpoons. Every noon and night you ſacrifice to your God Pan a goblet of barley wine. Your eyes every day are feaſted *ſufficiently* with a peep at the *outſide* of three churches. Your ears are entertained with the ſweeteſt of all muſick, a natural oratorio of birds. Flowering ſhrubs perfume your noſtrils, and you enjoy the converſation of your faithful Houyhnhnms. The gratification of all the ſenſes lies within your reach; you live in the fruition of nature, without envy or reſtraint. With you I go back to diſtant ages two thouſand years ago, and admire virtue in its original ſimplicity. To you therefore I addreſs myſelf, who are formed by inclination to be an Antiquary; to you I bequeath theſe ſheets, not as a dedication, which among Authors is a preamble or prelude to thinking; but as a codicil, the reſult of my moſt mature deliberation. It is not a gift of value; but may ſerve as an amuſement for a vacant hour, whenever you are diſpoſed to be grave, or take a nap.

Your

Your Friend has been an old ſtager in the tedious and uncomfortable tracts of Antiquity, which have wanted mending ever ſince Batteley * finiſhed his Rhutopium. I whip through thick and thin, till I come to a convenient place to bait at. There I ſtop to refreſh † with proper neceſſaries, the *converſation* of the *Landlord*, and the information of the *Clerk of the Pariſh*, the moſt converſable and intelligent perſon left in it; who keeps the *records* of it, and knows moſt of the antiquities in the neighbourhood. The Squire, formerly a bold Fox-hunter, is now generally ſlinking to London, to hawk-off a daughter, or in ſtrong ſcent of a half-pay place or a quartered penſion. The parſon is ſo perpetually engaged with his neighbouring brethren, that his pariſhioners never ſee him but of a Sunday: unleſs the Squire come poſt from town for a week, to wreck his tenants, and carry away every farthing in the pariſh. After the informations of my *learned* friends, and the mug is emptied, I jog-on in ſearch of antiquities: ſometimes I ſtop to take a view of a barrow, an old dyke, a ruined wall, or tottering

* The ingenious, ſenſible, and polite author of the Antiquitates Rhutupinae.

† See Stukeley's Abury; and his curious Drawings therein, of Reuben Horſal, *Clark* of Abury, and *Antiquarian*; and of Thomas Robinſon, *Aburiae Jeroſtratus, &c.* both made immortal in his never-dying Works; though one is conſecrated to everlaſting honour, the other to as perdurable infamy.

ſteeple. If I ſee a camp any where, I ride full-gallop, examine, and carefully meaſure it. If it be a ſquare, I can tell you to an inch where ſtood all its gates, the Ara, and Prætorium, and how many people it contained exactly 1500 years ago. In the evening, before I go to bed, I recollect the important events of the day, and write down my obſervations in the firſt words that offer, for that produces an *eaſy* diction; I expreſs my thoughts as faſt as they flow, for that makes a *ſimplicity* of ſentiment; I avoid all reviſals and corrections, for they render a compoſition *ſtiff* and laboured: in ſhort, I write, juſt as you ſee, without thinking, without connexion, and without deſign. I make frequent bold, abrupt, excentrical, and characteriſtical excurſions, like my lord Shafteſbury or a Comet. You ſee I am thoroughly qualified to execute on the minute and plebeian Antiquaries the office of

"Cenſor caſtigatorque minorum."

Theſe, as you have ſeen above, think your town at leaſt Roman; and carry its age, as the Welſh do their pedigrees, beyond the utmoſt ſtretch of human conception. We have obſerved that Dr. Muſgrave * was of this opinion, who affirms the *village* muſt have been a *large* one;

* Belg. Brit. i. 67.

and

and he advances a ſtep further, and calls it a very ancient * *little town*; but he imagines the ancient name † loſt. He proves, from the wine-veſſel ‡ found here with Alexander's name upon it, that one Alexander a great man certainly reſided in it, attended by his Houſhold Gods. But this is not to be underſtood to be Alexander the Great, or Alexander the Copper-ſmith, but an Alexander—Alexander—what's his name—a certain Alexander a maker of Crockery-ware. Theſe haſty ſteps of Dr. Muſgrave are nothing to the large ones of Dr. Stukeley. Believe me, Sir, at one progreſſive ſtride, he ſtalked over Dr. Muſgrave's head, the line of right reaſon, and the extenſive bounds of probability, with as much eaſe as Rich, in a boxing-match, jumped over the head of the Carman. The ancient name, Muſgrave had loſt, Stukeley has found. Where? why, *where all antiquities lye concealed—in rubbiſh*. He found it indeed with as much quickneſs as Mrs. Squire found the longitude, and with an equal certainty. It was, you muſt know, the *Punctuobice* of Ravennas. This Ravennas, I muſt inform you, is an anonymous writer, and upon that account is preſumed to be better acquainted with the highways than any of his predeceſſors. He has recorded ſome ſtages that the

* Belg. Brit. i. 193. † Ib. iv. 12.
‡ Cadby's. See above, p. 210.

Romans

Romans travelled, in order to let his contemporaries and their poſterity know where they could be readily ſupplied with proper entertainment and poſt-chaiſes. From Leucomagus you go to Cimetzio, alias Cunetio, alias Marleborough; then you proceed to Punctuobice, that is *Vies—Aye, there it is, in the very two laſt ſyllables; lay aſide* Punctuo, *and you have it in* Bice.

You ſee how ſubjects of this kind are to be managed; it is not, however, in the power of every body to have ſuch a command. Dr. Stukeley is in poſſeſſion of a true Roman Securis; it is his companion, friend, and guard. He uſes it upon all occaſions; if he meets with but an odd word, he lays it down fairly tranſcribed in *capitals*, and with one ſlight chop divides it: whatever remains on the right hand of the Securis, is the right word. He purſues this religious opinion of the Romans with great exactneſs. The Grecians indeed valued the left ſide moſt; but the Romans after a compleat conqueſt changed hands with them. This ſort of torture is uſual among Criticks, but never carried to ſo ſevere a degree before, as to treat words as Procruſtes did men. This gentleman is, in the ſame inſtant, Judge, Jury, and Executioner: even as ſoon as the learned Juggler blows, *Bice* is turned into *Vice*, and *Vice* to *Vies*. So that all that is left of this unfortunate word *Punctuobice* is the tail, which

which is looked on, as in vipers, as the only ſenſible part. Mr. Pope ſeems to have pointed out ſuch minute Criticks to the life, in the following line,

"They catch the eel of ſcience by the tail."

An elderly gentleman, witneſs to this ſad cataſtrophe, broke out into the following pathetic ſpeech of condolence: "Alas, poor Punctuobice! "Thou, who hadſt lain untouched a thouſand "years wrapt-up in obſcurity and duſt, in the "corner of a library of monks, wert at laſt dragged "out of thy ſnug retirement, and impreſſed into "an army of virulent Literati: but in a little time "you diſappeared, afterwards wert caught and "brought out as a traytor upon the ſcaffold of "Criticiſm, without one friend to ſupport thee; "for thy own Ravennas was not known. Thou "waſt executed by the order and hands of the "inquiſitor-general of *words*. Thou hadſt not the "honour of being beheaded, for that is only re"ſerved for capital bodies; but to be halved, the "ignominious fate of diminutive ones. How do I "commiſerate and ſhare thy grief, when I recollect "thy fondneſs and regret for the poor miſerable "orphan thou haſt left behind thee! Mayſt thou, "O *Bice*, meet a better fate!" Thus ended theſe melancholy words, with the ſad ſolemnity: the execution was performed at one blow; the prieſtly butcher retired to ſome inviſible place, like a Druid,

I beg

I beg pardon, I mean a Celtic, to his oak. However, he repented, took care of the orphan, bred him up, and put him out in the world after having properly bound him: for the poor thing had loſt his father and mother, and had not any one relation left in the world except one couſin german, whoſe name was *Pooghen*, of whom you will hear ſomething by and by *.

This execution was much talked of: and the mob, who generally ſlide from extremes of reſentment into thoſe of compaſſion, called it aloud a barbarous murder, becoming a Nero, a Decius, a Jefferys, or a Bentley. Ravennas, they cried, was an honeſt man and a good evidence. But, after the moſt laborious ſearches and the exacteſt inquiries that men of probity and penetration could make after this perſon, nobody ever could find out who he was. Upon my ſcrutinies, among the reſt, in peruſing the records of the Society of Antiquaries, I luckily fell upon a curious account, in general,

* The foundation of theſe painful lucubrations, which are humbly ſubmitted to the reader's judgement, may be found in a book full of uncommon erudition, *ycleped Itinerarium curioſum*, at the ſeventy-ſixth and one hundredth and eighth pages, compoſed at nights under the influence of painful dreams, by *Maſter William Stevckele*. This book has a great many divertizing things in it: there are maps and pictures and tail-pieces; but, upon turning it very attentively over, I could not find in the whole book one ſingle *head-piece*.

of

of the Itinerariſts, in form of a certificate. I am afraid it is not very ancient, from that ſingle circumſtance: but, as it is aſtoniſhingly uncommon, I preſent you, Sir, with it in the following tranſlation.

" Be it known unto all men, That the Romans " had a ſort of Foot Poſtmen, who were men of " learning in a particular way, and wrote books " called Itineraria. They travelled, not to deſcribe " countries, people, buildings, ſoils, rivers, or " landſkips. They never mention a battle, or a " piece of hiſtory; or touch upon vegetables, or " minerals, or foſſils, or birds, or beaſts, or fiſhes. " They travelled, as *gentlemen* do, through the " world, but never once *thought* of it. The " manners of mankind, or the curioſities of nature, " were quite out of their view. The fineſt pro- " ſpect in the world could not draw their eyes one " moment off from contemplation; which was " ſtedfaſt and fixed. Upon the road they ap- " peared, by their gravity and ſingular abſtraction " of thought, like the remains of the Peripatetic " ſchool, collected totally within themſelves, and " tracing the ſubtile meanders of their own minds. " But it was not ſo; for they never thought at all, " being bleſſed with a total ſtagnation of under- " ſtanding. The whole buſineſs of their lives was " that of a monk in a Cloyſter, to tell their own

" ſteps.

" ſteps. As ſoon as they had walked a thouſand
" paces, they ſtood ſtill, ſtuck a ſtick in the ground,
" wrote ſomething in a tablet, and moved forwards,
" with one even uniform ſtride, till, like the Sun,
" they went round the Earth *."

Hence aroſe a regiſter of exact and minute obſervations, written in a laconic ſtyle. Theſe books would tell you to an inch the diſtance between London and York; how many ſtages there were, how many miles each ſtage conſiſted of, with as much accuracy as you may read in a London Merchant's fair and well-written folio, after he has carried his wiſhful wife poſt to Bath, for the benefit of impregnation. I do not know how it has happened, but it is certain theſe Roman Peripatetics, or their Copying Clerks, were not exact accountants; for the ſums total of their miles often vary from their particulars. This, you may ſay, is unfortunate—O, no, Sir; it is a happineſs. Had it not been for this delicious puzzle, many a dull learned man would not have been able to have

* This uncommon piece of antiquity had never been publiſhed, had I not had the good fortune to have taken a copy of it, before the Key of the Archives was loſt, upon the death of Arts and Sciences, in that of the amiable Duke of Richmond. It has the appearance of antiquity by the letters, which are the uncials of the ninth century, and was certainly written, as appears by the laſt ſentence, before the Copernican ſyſtem was thought of.

employed

employed his time in a tedious peregrination through a muzzy life. He tranſplants the Numeral Characters as he pleaſes, till he makes what number he thinks fit; ſo that here is opened an inviting and ſerpentine path through a maze of Cabaliſtical ſtudy to the end of the world. Theſe Surveys were the Itineraria of the Ancients: but the Moderns have improved much upon them, and the Engliſh in particular. Our great Proto-Antiquary has exceeded all, and has written the greateſt curioſity of curioſities, *Itinerarium Curioſum*; in the Celtic dialect, **The wonderful Journey of Journeys.**

You perhaps will aſk, what is all this to the purpoſe of the Antiquity of The Devizes?——It is a digreſſion, Sir; and all digreſſions are to the purpoſe. No modern author can think juſtly, or write conſiſtently, upon ſuch arguments, unleſs he now and then goes out of his way, in the manner of, Sir,

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

DEAR SIR,

MY regard and veneration for this incomparable Doctor obliges me to wait upon him a little further, to ſhew you how artfully he tries

tries to extricate himſelf out of this unſurmountable puzzle. In another learned book written by him, we are informed that one William Baxter, a profound Antiquary, a haberdaſher of hard words, a tickler of poſteriors, well ſkilled in his native language, Welſh, and poſſeſſed with a national itch for verbal criticiſm, was at an uncommon loſs to account for this word PUNCTUO, and confeſſed his ignorance on his death-bed. This diſtreſs threw him into a ſedentary life, and a ſteady train of meditation. Under this ſituation he received a viſit from his old friend Dr. Stukeley, who, ſtalking in very dirty, juſt after his return from Stonehenge, enquired into the occaſion of his melancholy and dejection of ſpirits; and talked with him as an Antiquary and a Friend, and *ſomething like* a Phyſician. As ſoon as the Doctor found the cauſe of his diſeaſe, and that the ſeat of it was in his gizzard, he cried aloud, "*Poogh!* the word comes from "*Pooghen*; which in German ſignifies an *arduous* "work, as much as to ſay the *Caſtle*, which is ſaid "to have been the *ſtrongeſt* in Europe *." Baxter did not acquieſce in this peremptory deciſion; but replied, that William of Malmeſbury and Matthew Paris give this character to Roger's caſtle only, and never hinted the leaſt at any other caſtle more ancient upon the ſame ſpot of ground. Baxter kept

* Stukeley's Stonehenge, p. 48.

his

his temper for the preſent; for his ſpirits were not high enough to riſe immediately into a paſſion. Theſe two had been old friends and intimate acquaintance, formed nearly out of the ſame materials; their minds were much alike, ſo that they valued each other, as Virtuoſos ſhould do, for the antique caſt of their manners and the venerable ruſt that ſtuck cloſe about them. They imparted to each other the important diſcoveries they had made, long before they went to the preſs. Their friendſhip was cloſely connected by a chain of hard words.

They perpetually diſputed, but never convinced; their diſagreements ſerved for a conſtant fund of converſation, and kept them as ſteady in their affections, as a court balance exactly poiſed by different parties. Thus they had lived for years, till this fatal cataſtrophe happened, which was the unfortunate occaſion of the death of poor Baxter, but evidently without any malice prepenſe. The Doctor made no other anſwer to Baxter's remonſtrances, but cried aloud thrice, contemptuouſly, POOGHEN! A warm diſpute enſued; and Baxter was treated with ſuch unuſual freedoms, and ſuch an inveterate aſperity, for his ignorance in the German tongue, and want of faith in an infallible Doctor, that all his Welſh blood flew inſtantly up into his face. He *puffed powerful proteſtations, and poured plenty of proverbial parallogiſms with peſtiferous perfumes into poor*

Pill's physiognomy *. The Doctor ſtarted, retreated, and ſpewed. In the ſame interim Baxter's aduſt conſtitution, having been almoſt reduced to touch-wood, was thrown into ſuch a violent fermentation, as to ſet fire to the brimſtone he had been larded † with, ſo that he died in a ſudden combuſtion, and the man *multi nominis*, the phœnix of the age, was reduced to aſhes by his own odours.

This indeed is a very tragical exit; but let us compoſe our grief, and return to the ſurvivor of this *nobile par fratrum*. When Baxter was dead, his friend reigned alone, and commanded words. But words have natural rights, as well as men; they do not care to be turned out of poſſeſſion, without the previous forms, and ſome reaſons offered for an ejectment. It is but juſt that they ſhould have their titles examined, and evidence heard, before judgement is given. They have often had good ſucceſs in Courts of Juſtice, and have recovered large coſts from their plaintiff's miſnomers. The Doctor, it muſt be confeſſed, in another ‡ place, acknowledges himſelf in ſome diſtreſs about this cumberſome word PUNCTUOBICE; but, like an old ſtaunch hound, will not give it up. "Anonymus

* The Attick dialect is a lover of ω, the Ionick of η, the Dorick of α, and the Wallic of π.

† Vid. Philoſ. Tranſact. about People being burnt by their own fiery Vapours.

‡ Stukeley's Stonehenge, p. 48.

"Ravennas,

"Ravennas, says he, may *possibly* call it *Punctuo-*
"*bice*; but we have *no certainty* that his copy re-
"mains incorrupt, or that he transcribed it right,
"nor what alterations the Romans made in the
"original word, nor what was made in the later
"or barbarous times. However, there *seems* enough
"therein, as well as in the present name of the
"town, to countenance our conjecture." You see at last that he is not clear that the word ever was in Ravennas; and if it was, it might possibly have been altered by the Saxons, Goths, Vandals, or Franks; yet there is enough left to justify his conjecture; it is still therefore *Vies* from *Vice*, from *Bice*, from *Punctuobice*. Did you ever see such a Welsh, or rather Irish, pedigree? Does it not put you in mind of that of King Pepin?

The Doctor must be acknowledged to have been more fortunate in the following etymology, and very happy in the application of it. "The Devizes
"is a town in the middle of Wansdyke, and very
"*probably* erected among others to secure the ditch
"or fortification. It seems to have been the capi-
"tal fort or frontier town; and to have had its
"name from the King, as a trophy or monument of
"his power, built by him in person *." A little below he adds—"They tells us *legendary* tales, of

* Stukeley's Stonehenge, p. 48.

"its being built by an old Britiſh King. Diviſus
" was probably the name of this Belgick monarch,
" or Duiguis. As Gluiguis King of Demetia in
" Wales is wrote Gliviſus by Toland*. And the
" termination may have been framed into Latin
" from the Celtic word TAEOG, i. e. dux. Whence,
" perhaps the Hetruſcan Tages ſo much boaſted of
" in their antiquities; likewiſe the modern Doge of
" Venice. So that Divitiacus may well be Diviſus
" dux." Believe me, Sir, a moſt perſpicuous and inconteſtable inference!

Paſſing by the clearneſs and indiſputableneſs of the origin of the word DOGE, your Friend owns himſelf under ſome ſmall difficulties in aſſenting to ſome of theſe particulars. 1ſt, The whole account is not abſolutely credible, becauſe the Doctor himſelf diſtinguiſhes it by the name of a *legendary* tale.—2dly, It cannot be immediately conceived that the King's name, Diviſus, if any ſuch King there ever was, ſhould come from Duiguis, if any ſuch King there ever could be; becauſe Mr. Toland, a man in all points of *unqueſtionable* credit †, has written Gliviſus for Gluiguis.—3dly, It is difficult to believe that this very King Diviſus could change his name, as eaſy as an Aurelian Inſect does his body, and come out Divitiacus, becauſe TAEOG is Celtic

* Stukeley's Stonehenge, p. 186.
† V. Locke's Letters.

for

for a General. This laſt obſervation has indeed ſomething curious in it, and explains an oracular queſtion, why the firſt Lord Cadogan was called a *Fatigue**? Undoubtedly becauſe he was a *Fat* General.

As there are ſome more things mentioned above in the catachreſtic ſtyle, which I do not thoroughly apprehend, I took the liberty once of aſking the Doctor the following queſtions. Is the town in the middle, of the *length*, of Wandſdyke? *Yes, ſurely; it is but four miles Weſt from it.* Perhaps, Doctor, you mean that it ſtands *oppoſite* to the middle, of the length, of Wandſdyke? *Yes, moſt aſſuredly; as does Newbury, and Kingſton, and Rocheſter*, &c. Is it certain that this was a frontier town to the Dyke? *As certain as that the Romans never built a ſtation nearer to the place to be defended than four miles.* Was it built as a Trophy to the King's power? *As ſure as Dido built Troy, and William the Conqueror King's College Chapel.* Was it built by the King in perſon? *Without all queſtion, and by the very ſame King that erected Stonehenge with his own hands; for the Celtic Kings were hewers of wood and drawers of water, and bricklayers, and ſtone-cutters, and Free-maſons.* Did the Celtæ ever build their towns ſo far from rivers? *Often: witneſs their metropolis at Stonehenge,*

* The MSS. at the Heralds office differ; ſome write it, *Fat-teague.*

and their large town upon Marlborough Down, called now The Grey Weathers; you ought to know, that the characteriſtic of a Celt was to be patiens Solis atque Sitis.

Theſe anſwers quite ſilenced me; ſo that I have ſcarce more than one word left to ſay, that I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER IX.

DEAR SIR,

IN my laſt, you find, I was ſtruck dumb; this taciturnity was attended with an amuſing reverie, in which a method darted into my mind of propagating the ſpecies of this ſet of *incomparable* writers. It is incloſed in the following ſhort receipt, which I am ſure is as infallible for making a compleat modern Antiquary, as Mrs. Stevens's diſſolvent for the ſtone, or Dr. James's powder for a fever. I ſend it in Engliſh, becauſe your wife may put it into your family receipt-book, for the benefit of your Son, who is juſt going to the Univerſity. It is in the taſte of the laſt Diſpenſary, the like of which, according to the general opinion, never was, nor ever will be ſeen.

R. Con-

℞. Conſerve of hoary legendary tales, ℥ij.
Probably's preſerved, ℥vj.
Flowers of Monkhood, ℥ſs.
Seems to be—— may be——ſprinkled over the whole, *aā* ℥ij.
Roots of Hebraic, Celtic, Saxon, all finely powdered, but not *ſearched*, *aā* ℥i.
Species of Reaſons, ℈i.
Syrup of ſweet Credulity, as much as will make it into an ELECTARY.

Take the quantity of an *Owl's* egg every morning faſting and at nine at night, drinking after each doſe a bottle of Cereviſia Celtica, *i. e.* Barley Wine. The morning-doſe will create an eaſy digeſtion, and the night-one pleaſing and romantic dreams. There muſt be added to it a careful dyet of roots, and a conſtant courſe of riding through all winds, weathers, and roads, *in* the way, or *out of* the way. Mr. Wiſe will furniſh you with a horſe: I mean Mr. Francis Wiſe, B. D. that dignified and diſtinguiſhed Pluraliſt, Radclivian Librarian, Cuſtos Archivorum, Rector of Grayes, and chaplain to a worthy man of Quality; all ſinecures; the firſt by the Teſtator's will, the ſecond by uſage of the Univerſity, the third by his own choice, and the fourth by privilege of peerage. Above all, he is a vaſt Antiquary, and will ſell you a large *white horſe* fit for the purpoſe. He has been long adverti.ed at Mr.

James Fletcher's, in the Turl; and may be bought as cheap as waſte-paper. He was taken as a ſtray in the manor of Aſhdowne; is a ſtaid horſe; and, though the mark has been ſome years out of his mouth, his work is not yet done. He ſtands ſtiff upon all four; but when you once move him, he will laſt for ever. He was bred in a Vale bordering upon the Belgae, and is well acquainted with your country. He has been at graſs many years, particularly ever ſince his maſter ſat down to write a long book upon medals. He is well known and much talked-of all the country over; he is perfectly ſound now wind and limb, though he was a little greaſed this winter in the wet ſeaſon; but was perfectly cured by encouraging a profuſe running at his heels: he has ſometimes been troubled with a ſcouring, but is now cleaner than even Mr. Warburton's * Shakeſpeare. He had indeed the Epidemic

* This perſon may be heard of at Mr. Edwards's of Lincoln's-Inn, who is his ſtanding Council, and has given him the beſt advice in the world without a fee, the uſual civility of Bariſters to Attornies. Leſt this Gentleman's name ſhould not be known to poſterity, it may be proper to leave a memorial of him. He wrote the Divine Legation of Moſes, where the chain of reaſoning is ſo fine that it cannot be ſeen but by the beſt microſcopes; then the links appear wonderfully long, and filled up with uncommon Philagreek work. His Alliance between Church and State is at the beſt but a very diſtant one. When he is at a loſs for reaſoning, he falls a laſhing, which he learned when he was an *Uſher* of

demic diſtemper the laſt wet month, which was carried off by a large diſcharge at the Noſe; in which he has an aſtoniſhing and incredible ſagacity. If he ſmells any thing Britiſh or Celtic, he turns round, and gives it a kick; ſnorts at the ſight of a Roman camp, but neighs at a Saxon one. His pedigree is clearly deduced from King Alfred's ſtud; that he is of the Saxon breed is as demonſtrably proved, as that Cicero* and Brutus never did write *their* Epiſtles, nor Mr. Boyle *his own* examination about Phalaris.

It is time now to make ſome curſory obſervations on the former preſcription. One is *critical*, the other *hiſtorical*, and the laſt *pharmaceutical*.

1ſt, You muſt not for the world write it ELECTUARY, but ELECTARY. Either Dr. Stukeley's Securis has been at this word, or a letter has been eraſed by a committee of diſſecting-knives in Warwick-lane. This new-faſhioned manner of ſpelling is derived to us from the indiſputable authority of

of a School; then he turned *Attorney*; afterwards a *Pettifogger in Divinity*; till he feathered his neſt upon a rock near Bath. He cuddled Mr. Pope, and ſnarled himſelf into his friendſhip; under whoſe wings he abuſed all mankind, but Dr. Middleton and Mr. Toll, which ſeems as great a miracle as Julian's. See more of this Genius in "A Letter to the moſt Impudent "man living."

* See two very learned treatiſes by Tunſtall and Markland, with Dr. Bentley's Diſſertation on Phalaris.

one

one Cælius Aurelianus, " the moſt ancient author " we have who has mentioned this word *." As Cælius Aurelianus certainly wrote the pureſt Latin, and ſpelled the pureſt, of any African writer in Europe, except that Negro tranſlator of Irenæus; and ſince ſo learned a body as the College of Phyſicians patronize this reading; far be it from us to diſpute the point, but to ſubmit implicitly, admire their capacities, and look upon all our predeceſſors as fools. They were under an incomprehenſible error when they formed " Electuarium" from *Electus*, a ſubſtantive of the fourth declenſion, and not from *electus* a paſſive participle, or an adjective, which muſt make " Electarium." From this indiſputable evidence of Cælius Aurelianus, and the weighty authority of ſo judicious a ſet of Criticks, correct Cato †; for " promptuarium" read *meo periculo* " promptarium :" and Cæſar ‡ likewiſe; *apage iſtud* " Æſtuarium," *et lege* " Æſtarium." This piece of exact criticiſm I offer you as genuine, new, ſubſtantial, and infallible; and ſhould have approved of the lucky alteration of " *Electuarium*," had the Committee been ingenuous enough to have confeſſed that the Codex Pariſienſis had made this ſurprizing diſcovery twelve years before our little

* Lond. Diſpenſ. tranſlated by Pemberton, 8vo. p. 333.
† De Re Ruſtica.
‡ De Bell. Gall. l. ii. c. 28.

conciſe

conciſe fineer'd "Simplex Blanditijs *" to the Company of London Apothecaries was publiſhed.

2. The next obſervation is *hiſtorical*. I acknowledge an *Owl's* egg is an unuſual magnitude for a medicinal doſe: but it was thought here not too large, becauſe all Students who are formed by nature for Antiquities are furniſhed with *large ſwallows*. I would have them like the family of the Stukeleys. You muſt *be informed*, that there were two Williams, one was a Phyſician at Grantham, the other a Divine at Stamford and London. They both deſcended from the ancient houſe of Stevekele, both their Chriſtian and Surnames were the ſame: and though they were both as like as Virgil's twins;

"——— proles

"Indiſcreta ſuis gratuſque parentibus error;"

yet they were very different men. The Phyſician believed nothing but the moſt *incredible* things of the Celtic Gods; the other, as appears by a late Sermon preached before the College of Phyſicians, avowedly believes in the Devil and all his works. The Phyſician had a particular affection for an aged Owl, probably becauſe it was a ſymbol of one of his Goddeſſes, whom he adored by this repreſentative; though he often prayed to her, his prayers, like his

* This ſhould have been the motto of the Diſpenſary, inſtead of "Simplex Munditijs."

practice,

practice, vaniſhed into air. This Owl was a preſent from a noble Dutcheſs *; whether as a curioſity or a reproof, by way of civility or ſatire, is a point not determined to this day. However, the Maſter made the bird the companion of his ſtudies, and the confident of his ſoliloquies. He perpetually gazed at the eyes of his Bird, as if it had been his looking-glaſs; and indeed that was the only one he ever uſed. This *rara avis* was his *bona avis*, always ſtood fixed upon a perch on his right hand; but the Maſter was unfortunately curſed, as Virgil ſays, with a *left-handed* mind. An oil extracted from the fæces of the auſpicious bird was given to his Apothecary at Stamford, as a Noſtrum for the Gout. The Doctor, from the ſacred gravity or lulling compoſure in the countenance of his friend, commenced inſtantly an errant Antiquary; but it cannot be aſſerted whether from inſpiration, intuition, or *ab ovo* †.

At laſt the poor Owl, like other mortals, died; the funeral was ordered, the relations of the deceaſed invited, and the Alderman and Corporation attended with particular formality. When the words *duſt to duſt* were pronounced, an elegant Latin Oration was ſpoken over the grave, for the

* The *late* Duke of Ancaſter's Dutcheſs.

† See this full account in ſome MS verſes, repoſited in the muniment-houſe at Grantham.

inſtruction

inſtruction of the audience, and to pacify the manes of the Owl, by the ſadly-ſurviving Patron of his once faithful Libertus. What became of the Author, I do not know; he found it neceſſary to change his *cloaths*, and make off; ſo that the world continues ſtill under the mortification of being deprived of a ſingular compoſition, which, like its ſubject when alive, avoids the light;

" Et tenebris latet, et ſeſe caligine paſcit."

I muſt ingenuouſly confeſs, in the firſt entrance on my *Pharmaceutical* obſervation, that this Recipe was not entirely my own. I think, nevertheleſs, that I have ſome ſhare in the property, as I have taken immenſe pains to decypher an hieroglyphical hand, and uſed the utmoſt caution and preciſion to whittle the medicine into the preſent faſhionable taſte. I met with the original in a MS. of Brother Symons, a Monk of the Abbey of St. James in Northampton. He has collected a great many receipts, from *Hippocras*, *Gallienus*, and *Kelſus*, authors I imagine now loſt; but *this* probably was taken out of ſome *Arabian* phyſician. To realize the groteſque characters, to pare off the excreſcences of the medicine, to ſettle the true ſpelling of each Latin word, and then to conſtrue them all into plain Engliſh, was a taſk almoſt inſuperable. I never could have got through it, had I not been fortunately poſſeſſed of and well acquainted with all,

that is about 250 *Antidotariums*, *Apothecariums*, *Diſpenſatoriums*, and *Pharmacopœias*, from the XIVth to the middle of the XVIIIth century, when *one* was publiſhed, "that our College might have the "honour to be one of the firſt Medical Societies in "Europe, which have duly undertaken a Reforma-"tion*." In the Original, there were ſeveral nuts, as Cheſnuts, Cypreſs, Walnuts, &c. Theſe I threw away, as all Kernels † may be ſuſpected to be poiſon, and no *antidote* is left in the preſent Diſpenſary to expell it. To make the medicine efficacious, I ejected all ſimples heterogeneous to my own *private* opinion; to render it palatable, I baniſhed a few indeed *efficacious* ingredients; to make the remaining efficacious ones, creep ſecurely into the offices of digeſtion, chylification, and ſanguification, I doubled the quantities of ſome, as the *probable*; *ſeem to be*; *may be*; which have very little *taſte*, yet ſerve as ſheaths to carry the others down, and dark lanterns to light them through all the allies to their places of deſtination. I preſerved the *ſpices* in the ſpecies in a moderate quantity, enough I hope for the Hyſterical Ladies, the Whetters, the Slipſlops, and Freethinkers. I put in but a ſmall quantity, leſt they ſhould fly to the head, to

* Narrative to Lond. Diſp. tranſlated by H. P. p. 38.

† Ib. p. 76. Mead on Poiſons, p. 273.

which

which I would have nothing aimed but the two bottles of Barley Wine. I think I have now adapted it to the applauded ſimplicity of the very laſt Diſpenſary. *Simplicity*, Sir, is the beauty of Architecture; the delicacy of Gardening; the expreſſion of Muſick; the ſoul of Painting; and the true baſis of Morality: in Philoſophy, it is experiment; in Geometry, demonſtration; in Medicine, longevity; in Compoſition, ſublimity; in Religion, free-thinking; but in Metaphyſicks, a chimera. It ſhines through this remarkable book, from the Title-page to the Index, but moſt ſtrongly in the Narrative. The fable is ſimple, the ſentiments ſimple, and the diction ſimple. Notwithſtanding what ſome Criticks ſay of its being written in a formal, forced, paracelſic, bombaſtic ſtyle, and that there is *much too little* * good Engliſh in it: I avow the hiſtorical facts to be curious, though not inſtructive; and brought to light out of the deepeſt obſcurity; the language eaſy where it can be underſtood, and pompous where it is not; the whole compiled for the benefit, if not under the direction, of a club of Apothecaries; as may be fairly conjectured by the dialect. It is certainly one of the moſt ſingular compoſitions that has been written lately in Phyſick, except ſome few treatiſes penned

* Narrat. p. 37.

by

by that Comet of a Phyſician, the once-famous Dr. Thompſon, which are now but in very few hands: he, we hear, is abſconded from the *practice*, to the *ſtudy* of Phyſic.

The Narrative however may caſually ſerve ſome uſes. Though the Medicina Diætetica, or Kitchen Phyſic, is below the dignity of a College, or any of its members; yet, from this Diſpenſary, you may catch ſome good and beneficial hints. Taſte the ingredients for the compoſition * of your Punch ſeparate; the Lemon is vaſtly too acid, the Sugar too ſweet, the Rum too ſtrong, and the Water too weak; mix, but drink not of it—it is a palatable poiſon †. Eat the ſweet to damp your appetite, the acid to ſet an edge to your teeth, drink your water with your meals, and your rum after with your friends. Eat only your roaſt beef at your dinner, and your horſeradiſh at ſupper; then will you be eſteemed a right *ſimple* fellow by every man in England except Dr. Monro.

Had the Committee, like wiſe, ſerious, and attentive obſervers, watched only the waters of the Diſpenſary, it might have had a favourable criſis. But they have purged it too much, it is vaſtly fallen away, it is in a deep conſumption. The inhabi-

* See the Committee's method of anatomizing the Confectio Raleighana to a Skeleton, Narr. p. 111.

† Cheyne on Health and Long Life.

tants

tants of the Pharmacopœia, which have been in quiet poſſeſſion for many years, have ſuffered an outlawry, been deprived of their original family Chriſtian and Sur-names by a forceable Diſſeiſin. By this means will be brought ſuch an attainder and corruption on the blood of his Majeſty's liegemen, as no act of parliament can ſalve: and, to the detriment of trade and the revenue of imports, medicines will become as ſcarce as plaids in Scotland, or dry eyes in England for the Prince of Wales.

I hope, if ever this book ſhould bear a ſecond edition, it will be referred to a Committee of ſafety, to *reſimplicate* * it: that the College will borrow Mr. Warburton's flail to beat it, Mr. Freke's † coſtive hand to bend it, Dr. Stukeley's Securis to cut it, the Company of Apothecaries to gild it and adverti ſe it at the cheap rate of *thirteen pence half-penny:*

* *Reſimplico* is a word of the exemplary Cælius Aurelianus, which I believe was a chirurgical term, and ſignified *to cut for the ſimples.* The blundering Editors have mangled the text, by ſplitting the word and reading, *res implicantes.* V. Ed. Almhoov. p. 438. et paſſim. Cælius Aurelianus is a tranſlation of Soranus; and this emendation I founded upon a Greek MS of that Author, which, God forgive me, I ſtole out of a library at Mount Athos, at the riſk of my life.

† A hard-bound writer of a book about Electricity; and another about Surgery.

for it deſerves *that* price, as it muſt do *execution.* Should this ever be effected, the Engliſh nation may be ſecure from having this treatiſe ſlide into their bellies; but may find it lurking in the ſhops of the Bookſellers, till pavements, cauſeways, caſtles, are no more.

POST.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE foregoing papers were wrote by no man living—for the Author died ſome months ago. The reader may depend upon the truth of all the principal facts; two indeed were received by tradition, the plan of Browne Willis's villa, and Baxter's manner of dying. The writer intended to have publiſhed a greater number of Letters by ſubſcription, and to have received the whole money upon the firſt payment: but found his friends averſe to this method, till they ſaw Browne Willis had publiſhed the third part of his Notitia Parliamentaria. We can now aſſure the publick, that this third part will be publiſhed immediately after the third volume of the Divine Legation of Moſes. Our Author has left a large book about Stonehenge, not quite finiſhed. He ſeems only certain that it was erected by ſome of the ſons of Adam, whether by Danes, Saxons, Romans, Britons, or Antediluvians, he left undetermined, till he had carefully (as appears by a note) peruſed Geoffry of Monmouth, Nennius, Dion Caſſius, Triſmegiſtus, and Sanchoniathon. Several other papers are left, which, like this little piece, are intended for the Uſe of Lawyers, Divines, Hiſtorians, Antiquaries, and Phyſi-

cians; for Men of buſineſs, and Loungers of none. He long entertained a diſreliſh for the modern ſort of Scholarſhip, and was not unwilling theſe papers ſhould go to the preſs, to prevent, as much as was in his power, many larger from going there; which are apt to die ſudden deaths, by their own folly, like the Thebans—

Κεῖνοι δὲ σφελέῃσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὄλοντο.

A CURIOUS SPECIMEN

OF

ALLITERATION.

First printed in The Student, 1750.

A SPECIMEN OF ALLITERATION.

SIR, Parkplace, Nov. 2, 1746.

PERCEIVING your deſire to know how I paſt my time in Pembrokeſhire, I here preſent you with an account of my proceedings in a progreſs I lately made to a gentleman's houſe purely to procure a plan of it.

I proceeded in a party of pleaſure with Mr. Pratt of Pickton-Caſtle, Mr. Powel of Penally, and Mr. Pugh of Purley, to go and dine with Mr. Pritchard of Poſtmain; which was readily agreed to, and ſoon put in practice. However, I thought it a proper precaution to poſt away a perſon privately to Mr. Pritchard's, that he might provide for us; and we proceeded after him. The town where Mr. Pritchard lives is a poor pitiful paultry place, though his houſe is in the prettieſt part of it, and is a prince's palace to the reſt. His parlour is of a lofty pitch, and full of pictures of the prime pencils; he hath a pompous portico, or pavillion prettily paved, leading to the parterre; from hence you have a prodigious

digious proſpect, particularly pointing towards Percilly hill, where he propagates a parcel of Portugueſe and Poliſh poultry. The name of his houſe is Prawſenden, which puzzled me moſt plaguily to pronounce properly. He received us very politely, and preſented us with a plentiful dinner. At the upper end of the table was a pike, with fried perch and plaiſe; at the lower end pickled pork, peaſe, and parſnips; in the middle a pigeon pye, with puff paſte; on the one ſide a potatoe-pudding; and on the other ſide pig's pettytoes. The ſecond courſe was a diſh of pheaſants, with poults and plovers, and a plate of preſerved pine and pippins; another with pickled podd pepper; another with prawns; another with pargamon for a provocative; with a pyramid of pears, peaches, plumbs, pippins, philbeards, and piſtachios. After dinner there was a profuſion of port and punch, which proved too powerful for poor Mr. Peter the parſon of the pariſh; for it pleaſed his palate, and he poured it down by pints, which made him prate in a pedantick pragmatical manner. This diſpleaſed Mr. Price the parliament-man, a profound politician; but he perſiſted, and made a prolix preamble, which proved his principles prejudiced and partial againſt the preſent people in power. Mr. Price, who is a potent party-man, called him a popiſh parſon, and ſaid, he prayed privately in his heart for the pre-

tender; and that he was a preſumptuous prieſt, for preaching ſuch ſtuff publickly. The parſon puft his pipe paſſively for ſome time, becauſe Mr. Price was his patron; but at length, loſing all patience, he pluckt off Mr. Price's perriwig, and was preparing to puſh it with the point of the poker into the fire; upon which Mr. Price, perceiving a pewter piſs-pot in the paſſage, preſented the parſon with the contents in his phizz, and gave him a pat on the pate, the percuſſion of which proſtrated him plump on the pavement, and raiſed a protuberance on his pericranium. This put a period to our proceedings, and patched up a peace; for the parſon was in a piteous plight, and had prudence enough to be prevailed upon to cry *peccavi*, with a *parce, precor*, and in a plantive poſture to petition for pardon. Mr. Price, who was proud of his performance, pulled him out of the puddle, and proteſted, he was ſorry for what had paſſed in his paſſion, which was partly owing to the provocation given him from ſome of his prepoſterous propoſitions, which he prayed him never to preſume to advance again in his preſence. Mr. Pugh, who practices phyſick, preſcribed phlebotomy and a poultice to the parſon, but he preferred wetted brown paper to any plaiſter, and then placed himſelf in a proper poſition, that the power of the fire might penetrate his poſteriors, and dry his purple pluſh breeches.

This pother was ſucceeded by politicks, as Mr. Pulteney, the patriot's patent for the peerage, the kings of Poland, Pruſſia, Prague, and the Palatine, Pandours, and Partizans, Portſmouth parades, and the preſumption of the privateers, who pick up prizes almoſt in our very ports; and places and penſions, pains and penalties. Next came on plays and poetry, the picture of Mr. Pope perched on a proſtitute, and the price of the pit, pantomimes, prudes, and the pox, and the primate of Ireland, and printers, and preferments, pickpockets and pointers; and the pranks of that prig the poet-laureat's progeny, though his papa is the perfect pattern of paternal piety. To be brief, I prophecy you think I am prolix. We parted at laſt, but had great difficulty in procuring a paſſage from Mr. Pritchard, for he had placed a padlock on the ſtable-door on purpoſe to prevent us, and pretended his ſervant was gone out with the key; but, finding us peremptory, the key was produced, and we permitted to go. We pricked our palfries a good pace, although it was as dark as pitch, which put me in pain, becauſe I was purblind, leſt we ſhould ride plum againſt the poſts, which are prefixed to keep horſe paſſengers from going the path that is pitched with pebbles.

Mr. Price, who was our pilot, had a very providential eſcape, for his pad fell a prancing, and

would not paſs one ſtep farther; which provoked him much, for he piques himſelf on his horſemanſhip. I propoſed to him to diſmount, which he did, and, peeping and peering about, found he was on the point of a perpendicular precipice, from which he might probably have fallen, had not his horſe plunged in that particular manner. This put us all into a palpitation, and we plodded on the reſt of the progreſſion, *pian piano*, as the Italians ſay, or *pazz à pazz*, as the French phraſe has it. I ſhall poſtpone ſeveral other particulars, till I have the pleaſure of paſſing a day with you at Putney, which ſhall be as ſoon as poſſible.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

PLITO CICER.

To Mr. Peter Pettiward

at Putney.

(Penny poſt paid.)

CONTENTS

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM

	Page
A Diſſertation upon Laughter,	1
An Eſſay on Humour,	22
The Fribbleriad,	27
Elegy in a Country Church Yard,	51
Elegy written in Covent Garden,	59
The Nunnery, an Elegy,	65
Evening Contemplation in a College,	71
Elegy written in Weſtminſter-Hall during the long Vacation,	77
Elegy on the Death of The Guardian Outwitted,	83
Epitaph on a certain Poet,	89
The Advantages of Politicks to this Nation,	91
Scheme for the Coalition of Parties,	125
The Art of Dreſſing the Hair,	145
Origines Diviſianæ, or the Antiquities of The Devizes, by Dr. Davies,	161
A curious Specimen of Alliteration,	247

END OF VOL. II.